

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE SECOND LOUISIANA.

THE SECOND LOUISIANA.

MAY 27TH, 1863.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

DARK as the clouds of even,
 Ranked in the western heaven,
 Waiting the breath that lifts
 All the dread mass, and drifts
 Tempest and falling brand
 Over a ruined land ;
 So still and orderly,
 Arm to arm, knee to knee,
 Waiting the great event,
 Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line
 Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine ;
 And the bright bayonet,
 Bristling and firmly set,
 Flashed with a purpose grand,
 Long ere the sharp command
 Of the fierce rolling drum
 Told them their time had come,
 Told them what work was sent
 For the black regiment.

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,
 "Though death and hell betide,
 Let the whole nation see
 If we are fit to be
 Free in this land ; or bound
 Down, like the whining hound—
 Bound with red stripes of pain
 In our old chains again !"
 Oh, what a shout there went
 From the black regiment !

"Charge !" Trump and drum awoke,
 Onward the bondmen broke ;
 Bayonet and sabre-stroke
 Vainly opposed their rush.
 Through the wild battle's crush,
 With but one thought aflush,
 Driving their lords like chaff,
 In the guns' mouths they laugh ;
 Or at the slippery brands
 Leaping with open hands,
 Down they tear man and horse,
 Down in their awful course ;
 Trampling with bloody heel
 Over the crashing steel,
 All their eyes forward bent,
 Rushed the black regiment.

"Freedom !" their battle-cry—
 "Freedom ! or leave to die !"
 Ah ! and they meant the word,
 Not as with us 'tis heard,
 Not a mere party-shout :
 They gave their spirits out ;
 Trusted the end to God,
 And on the gory sod
 Rolled in triumphant blood.
 Glad to strike one free blow,
 Whether for weal or woe ;

Glad to breathe one free breath,
 Though on the lips of death.
 Praying—alas ! in vain !—
 That they might fall again,
 So they could once more see
 That burst to liberty !
 This was what "freedom" lent
 To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell ;
 But they are resting well ;
 Scourges and shackles strong
 Never shall do them wrong.
 Oh, to the living few,
 Soldiers, be just and true !
 Hail them as comrades tried ;
 Fight with them side by side ;
 Never, in field or tent,
 Scorn the black regiment !

SONG FOR THE LOYAL NATIONAL LEAGUE,

*On the Anniversary of the Attack on Fort Sumter,
 April 11, 1863.*

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

WHEN our banner went down, with its ancient
 renown,
 Betrayed and degraded by treason,
 Did they think, as it fell, what a passion would
 swell
 Our hearts when we asked them the reason ?
 Chorus—Oh, then, rally, brave men, to the
 standard again,
 The flag that proclaimed us a nation !
 We will fight on its part, while there's
 life in a heart,
 And then trust to the next generation.

Although causeless the blow that at Sumter laid
 low

That flag, it was seed for the morrow ;
 And a thousand flags flew, for the one that fell
 true,

As traitors have found to their sorrow.

Chorus—Oh, then, rally, brave men, to the
 standard again,
 The flag that proclaimed us a nation !
 We will fight on its part, while there's
 life in a heart,
 And then trust to the next generation.

'Twas in flashes of flame it was brought to a
 shame,

Till then unrecorded in story ;
 But in flashes as bright it shall rise in our sight,
 And float over Sumter in glory !

Chorus—Oh, then, rally, brave men, to the
 standard again,
 The flag that proclaimed us a nation !
 We will fight on its part, while there's
 life in a heart,
 And then trust to the next generation.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

EPIGRAMS.*

We live, it is said, in a prosaic and realistic age. With all our modern science and modern refinements, our life is not so imaginative, so gay, so *insouciant*, as that of our grandmothers and grandfathers. Even conversation, we are told, has lost its brilliancy. Women, who used to talk so charmingly, vibrate now between slang and science. Men are either too busy or too languid to exert themselves to talk at all, unless to constituencies or mechanics' institutes. The few who could talk well are suspected of keeping their talk to put into books. We all write and read instead of conversing. And even reading and writing have become occupations rather than amusements. The warmest and most imaginative lover never now pens a sonnet to Delia's eyebrow, or an impromptu upon Sacharissa's girdle. The modern representatives of those charmers would only vote him a "muff" for his pains. *Vers de société* are gone out of fashion altogether. Such poetry as we want (and we do not want a great deal) is done for us by regular practitioners—laureates, and so forth; we no more think of making our own verses than our own pills. Any man or woman who was to produce and offer to read in polite company a poetical effusion of their own or a friend's, such as would have charmed a whole circle in the days of Pope or of Fanny Burney, would be stared at upon reasonable suspicion of having escaped from a private lunatic asylum. Even if the offered verses should be warranted to contain the severest remarks upon a mutual friend, we of a modern audience should have strength of mind enough to resist the temptation. Perhaps society has grown more charitable and less scandalous; perhaps it is only less easily amused.

It could hardly have been comfortable, after all, to live in the age of epigrams and impromptus. It was all very well for the Delias and Sacharissas aforesaid to have their charms celebrated by the wits and poets of the day; and though it is notoriously true that their admirers did not err on the side of reticence, female delicacy in those days was hardly startled by the warmth of the homage. A lady had no more objection to be compared to Venus than to the Graces.

* "Epigrams, Ancient and Modern." By the Rev. J. Booth, B.A. Longman and Co.

Few, indeed, were they who needed the warning which Waller—most elegant of love's epigrammatists—puts into the mouth of his messenger, the Rose,—

"Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That had she sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
She must have uncommended died.
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired."

The days when such verses passed from hand to hand, and were read instead of *Punch* and Mr. Darwin, were indeed "a good time," as the American ladies call it, for the fair enchantresses who, strong in the charms of youth, had only to "come forth" to insure admiration; but it was quite a different case with poor Chloe, who was repairing the damages of years with a little innocent paint, or with Celia, who had just mounted a new wig of her very own hair, honestly bought and paid for. Human nature, we suppose, was human nature then; and it could never have been pleasant to have one's little personal peculiarities, or some untoward accident, or slight social sin, done into verse forthwith by a clever friend, and handed round the breakfast or tea-tables of your own particular circle for the amusement and gratification of other dear friends, clever or otherwise. It was a heavy penalty to pay for living in an Augustan age. In this present generation, if you find yourself the victim of a severe article in a popular review, you have yourself half solicited the exposure by being guilty of print in the first place; even if, in the honest discharge of your ordinary duties, you awake some morning to a temporary notoriety in a column of the *Times*, you can satisfy your feelings by stopping the paper; and in either case, you have the consolation of knowing that probably a majority of your personal friends will never read the abuse, and that most certainly nine-tenths of those who do read it will have forgotten it in a week. But the terse social epigram, of some four or eight lines, communicated first from friend to friend in a confidential whisper, and then handed about in manuscript long before it escaped into print, was remembered by the dullest dolt amongst a man's intimates, stuck to him all his life, and, in many instances, became his only memorial to posterity. Like Sintram's co-travellers, there was no escape from

its dreadful companionship; if bad, it was the more readily remembered; if neat and well-pointed, it was more generally admired and more widely circulated. True, the author of the satire did not always put in the actual name; the victim of his verse figured commonly under some classical *alias*; but everybody knew — and none better than the unfortunate object — that Grumio meant Sir Harry, that Chremes stood for old Brown, and that Lady Bab was intended by Phryne. Even if there was nothing more personal than a row of asterisks in the original, there were always plenty of copies in circulation with the hiatus carefully filled in. Let no one suppose for a moment that the polish and the humor of such productions made the attack more endurable. Few men, and perhaps fewer women, are of Falstaff's happy temperament, content to be the subject of wit in others. There is more sound than truth in the epigram which says,—

"As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen—
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen."

And both cut deepest too, and leave scars that are longest in healing. Johnson was quite right when he pronounced, on the other hand, that "the vehicle of wit and delicacy" only made the satire more stinging; compared with ordinary abuse, he said, "the difference was between being bruised with a club, or wounded with a poisoned arrow."

One is surprised, however, on the whole, in looking over any collection of epigrams which were considered extremely good things in their day, to find how poor the majority of them are. They would read better, no doubt, to those who knew the parties. The spice of neighborly ill-nature, which gave them their chief zest originally, and made up for the poverty of the wit, is lost—happily—to the cool judgment of the modern reader. They are like the glass of champagne kept till it has lost its sparkle.

A nicely printed little book, recently published, containing a selection (for a collection it certainly is not, though so called in the dedication), will impress this fact upon most of its readers. Of course, such *jeux d'esprit* do not show to advantage when gathered together at random, as these seem to have been. They find their best place as illustrations of biography or political history; often, an epi-

gram of four lines would require a page of preface to make its point fully intelligible to an ordinary reader. But certainly, as one turns page after page of this "literature of Society," one gets confirmed in the impression that society was very ill-natured in those days. The science of making one's self "beautiful forever," by the aid of paint and other accessories, is still studied by some ladies, if we may trust law-reports and advertisements, and, no doubt, sharp-sighted friends detect this false coinage of beauty; but they do not mercilessly nail it down on the social counter, as in the case of poor Dorinda (whose real name was doubtless perfectly well known to her contemporaries):—

"Say, which enjoys the greater blisses—
John, who Dorinda's picture kisses,
Or Tom his friend, the favored elf,
Who kisses fair Dorinda's self?—
'Faith, 'tis not easy to divine,
While both are thus with raptures fainting,
To which the balance shall incline,
Since Tom and John both kiss a painting."

There is a sequel, too, even less gallant, which calls itself "The Point Decided":—

"Nay, surely John's the happier of the twain,
Because the picture cannot kiss again."

The rude wits of society delighted in attacking these adventitious charms — unconscious, probably, that in this as in many other things, the Greek epigrammatists had been long before them. Here is one of the best amongst many—anonymous, so far as we know—which we miss in Mr. Booth's volume:—

"Cosmelia's charms inspire my lays,
Who, fair in nature's scorn,
Blooms in the winter of her days,
Like Glastonbury thorn.
If e'er, to seize the tempting bliss,
Upon her lips you fall,
The plastered fair returns the kiss,
Like Thisbe, through a wall."

Modern gallantry keeps its eyes open, and its lips to itself, under suspicious circumstances; and perhaps not being so readily taken in by false colors, is not so bitter against those who wear them.

There are blockheads amongst fashionable physicians in our own days, and jealousies, it is to be feared, are not unknown in the profession; but they do not put their professional antagonism into the form of epigrams, as Dr. Wynter, Dr. Cheney, Dr. Hill, Dr. Lettsom, Dr. Radcliffe, and a host of others did (or their friends and enemies did for them) in

the days of good Queen Anne and the German Georges. Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Hill, one of those universal geniuses whom the public is apt to mistrust, is the hero of some of the best of these medical squibs. He wrote plays as well as prescriptions.

"For physic and farces, his equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is."

There is a little series of epigrams upon him which we cannot resist quoting here from Mr. Booth's book, though they must be already old acquaintances (as most of the best epigrams are) to all whose reading is not wholly of a modern kind. Some of the wits of the Literary Club, of which Garrick, Johnson, Burke, etc., were members, began upon the unlucky physician as follows:—

"Thou essence of dock, and valerian, and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of your age,
The worst that we wish thee, for all thy sad crimes,
Is to take thine own physic, and read thine own rhymes."

To which is replied, by a sort of semi-chorus of the members,—

"The wish should be in form reversed,
To suit the Doctor's crimes;
For if he takes the physic first,
He'll never read his rhymes."

Dr. Hill himself is supposed to rejoin in answer) and if it were really his, the doctor would have had the best of it),—

"Whether gentlemen scribblers or poets in jail;
Your impertinent wishes shall certainly fail;
I'll take neither essence, nor balsam of honey,—
Do you take the physic, and I'll take the money."

The anonymous quatrain on Dr. John Lettson, the Quaker, is one of the very best of punning epigrams; its brevity may excuse its reappearance here:—

"If anybody comes to I,
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
If, after that, they like to die,
Why, what care I?

I. LETTSON."

Sir Richard Blackmore, like Hill, was ambitious to combine poetry with physic; and was dealt with no less severely by the popular weapon. An anonymous octrain (of which the first six lines are weak) ends with this climax, which reads much better alone:—

"Such shoals of readers thy d—d fustian kills,
Thou'lt scarce leave one alive to take thy pills."

This, again, has escaped Mr. Booth, though he has given his readers another, on the subject of Sir Richard's unfortunate poem of "Job"—a kind of poetical paraphrase of the Scripture original:—

"Poor Job lost all the comforts of his life,
And hardly saved a potsherd and a wife;
Yet Job blest Heaven; and Job again was blest;
His virtue was assayed, and bore the test.
But,—had Heaven's wrath poured out its fiercest vial—

Had he been thus *burlesqued*,—without denial,
The patient man had yielded to the trial;
His pious spouse, with Blackmore on her side,
Must have prevailed—Job had blasphemed and died."

We do not know where the compiler got this from, nor does he give any author's name: there were a whole volley of contemporary squibs flying about the head of this unfortunate translator, who had got himself into bad odor with the licentious wits of his day by employing his pen against the immoralities of the stage. This drew upon him the wrath of Dryden, Sedley, Swift, and others; and his reputation has suffered rather unfairly in consequence; for the jests against his professional skill were unfounded, whatever may be thought of his poetry. A volume was actually published in 1700, in which the squibs upon him were all collected under the title of "Commendatory Poems, etc." Here is another of them which we have met with, as good, perhaps, also anonymous:—

"When Job contending with the devil I saw,
It did my wonder, but not pity, draw;
For I concluded that, without some trick,
A saint, at any time, could match Old Nick.
Next came a fiercer fiend upon his back—
I mean his wife, with her infernal clack;
But still I did not pity him, as knowing
A crab-tree cudgel soon would send her going.

But when this quack engaged with Job I spied,
Why, Heaven have mercy on poor Job, I cried;
What wife and Satan did attempt in vain,
The quack will compass with his murdering pen,
And on a dunghill leave poor Job again;
With impious doggrel he'll pollute his theme,
And make the saint against his will blaspheme."

Coleridge's epigram upon Job's wife is printed in the book before us, and is perhaps less generally known than some others:—

"Sly Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience;
He took his honors, took his health,
He took his children, took his wealth,
His camels, horses, asses, cows,
Still, the sly devil did not take his spouse.

"But Heaven, that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Twofold of all Job had before—
His children, camels, asses, cows ;—
Short-sighted devil, not to take his spouse!"

The germ of this lies where very many good things lie unsuspected, and are occasionally dug out and made use of with very little acknowledgement—in the writings of St. Augustine; and has been used by Donne in one of his remarkable sermons, where Coleridge probably found it. The old divine's "improvement" of the passage beats any epigram that ever was founded on it:—

"*Misericordem putatis Diabolum,*" says that father, "*qui ei reliquit uxorem?*" Do you think that Job lighted upon a merciful and good-natured devil, or that Job was beholden to the Devil for this that he left him his wife? "*Noverat per quam deceperat Adam,*" says he; "*suam reliquit adjutricem, non marito consolationem;*" he left Job a helper, but a helper for his own ends.*

We must have done with the physicians, only quoting some more recent lines, neat but not over complimentary, upon the trio who were in attendance on poor George III. :—

"The king employs three doctors daily,
Willis, Heberden, and Baillie;
All exceedingly skilful men,
Baillie, Willis, and Heberden;
But doubtful which most sure to kill is,
Baillie, Heberden, or Willis."

Law escapes these satiric rhymers better than physic. No doubt the lawyers were able to hold their own against the world in this as in other matters. Two or three clever things of Sir George Rose are given in Mr. Booth's book; but there are, we suspect, some still better in private circulation, perhaps rather too personal on contemporaries to be suitable for publication. The following, though it deals with names well known at the bar, is good-humored enough as well as clever. It purports to be "The History of a Case shortly reported by a Master in Chancery":—

"Mr. Leach made a speech,
Angry, neat, but wrong;
Mr. Hart, on the other part,
Was prosy, dull, and long.

"Mr. Bell spoke very well,
Though nobody knew what about;
Mr. Trower talked for an hour,
Sat down fatigued and hot.

* Donne's Works, vol. iii. p. 332 (Alford's Edition).

"Mr. Parker made the case darker,
Which was dark enough without;
Mr. Cooke quoted his book,
And the Chancellor said—'I doubt.'"

Of course the chancellor was Lord Eldon. But the editor should have given the sequel. His lordship soon after decided a case against Rose, and, looking waggishly at him, said, "In this case, Mr. Rose, the chancellor does not doubt!" Mr. Booth has omitted one (or rather two) of the very best epigrams which touch upon the gentlemen of the long robe. We thought the lines were very well known, and they have certainly appeared more than once in print, as a proposed "Inscription for the Gate of the Inner Temple":—

"As by the Templars' holds you go,
The Horse and Lamb, displayed
In emblematic figures, show
The merits of their trade.

"That clients may infer from thence
How just is their profession—
The Lamb sets forth their *innocence*,
The Horse their *expedition*.

"O happy Britons! happy isle!
Let foreign nations say,
Where you get justice without guile,
And law without delay."

The reply is equally good:—

"Deluded men, these holds forego,
Nor trust such cunning elves;
These artful emblems serve to show
Their clients not themselves.

"'Tis all a trick; these are but shams
By which they mean to cheat you;
But have a care—for you're the *Lambs*,
And they the wolves that eat you.

"Nor let the hope of no delay
To these their courts misguide you;
'Tis you're the showy *Horse*, and they
The *jockeys* that would ride you."

The universities have had their wits and their butts in at least as great abundance as the courts of law. Especially was this likely to be the case in a society like Oxford, which maintained upon its staff, for many years, a sort of licensed jester, under the name *Terra Filius*, whose office was, at the "Bachelor's Commencement," to satirize, with the most unbounded license, all the recognized authorities. We feel sure that the Oxford social records might have supplied a collector of this literary smallware with some very tolerable specimens: and we hardly think that Mr. Booth can have availed himself as fully as he might have done of the current witti-

cisms of his own University of Cambridge. He gives us only a few of Porson's and these not his best. For instance, we might at least have had that upon Hermann's scholarship, in the English dress which the professor gave it:—

"The Germans in Greek
Are sadly to seek;
Not five in five-score,
But ninety-five more;
All, except Hermann—
And Hermann's a German."

Of Oxford epigrams, we have a single modern specimen, by a living professor of well-known conversational powers, and a more ancient one, we suppose by a wit of the same college, on Dr. Evans (he was Bursar of St. John's, as the editor should have explained) cutting down a row of fine trees there:—

"Indulgent Nature on each kind bestows
A secret instinct to discern its foes;
The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox;
Lambs fly from wolves, and sailors steer from
rocks;
Evans the gallows as his fate foresees,
And bears the like antipathy to trees."

These, with Dean Aldrich's "Five Reasons for Drinking," are all that he has gathered from the banks of Isis. There must surely be others of modern date current in the Oxford Common-Rooms, which might have been recovered, without much trouble, for a publication like this, and which would have been better worth printing than some which have found a place there. We subjoin two or three which may be new to non-academical readers. It was suggested, some little time ago, to alter the cut of the commoners' gowns—proverbially ugly. This produced the following:—

"Our gownsmen complain ugly garments oppress
them;
We feel for their wrongs, and propose to re-dress
them."

An alteration having been made in the statutory exercises for divinity degrees, by which two theological *essays* were required in future from the candidates, the following was circulated in "congregation":—

"The title D.D. 'tis proposed to convey
To an *A double S* for a *double S A*."

The honorary degree of D.C.L. having been declined by a distinguished officer, on account of the heavy fees at that time demanded, his refusal was thus set forth:—

"Oxford, no doubt you wish me well,
But prithee let me be;
I can't, alas! be D. C. L.
Because of L. S. D."

This, again, on a proposal to lower the university charges upon degrees conferred by what is termed "accumulation" (i.e., when two steps are taken at once), is remarkably neat:—

"Oxford, beware of over-cheap degrees,
Nor lower too much accumulators' fees;
Lest—unlike Goldsmith's 'land to illa a prey'—
'Men' should 'accumulate,' and 'wealth' 'decay.'"

All these are, we believe, from the same "well-known hand," as the old collectors would have phrased it; flashes of the pleasant humor which, in all generations, has marked the lighter hours of scholars. As these are the latest, so the following is among the earliest which has come down to us: it will be found amongst the epigrams of John Heywood, of Broadgate Hall (now Pembroke College), *circa* 1550. He is said to have been the only person who could draw a smile from gloomy Queen Mary. So far as the point of the epigram is concerned, it might have been written yesterday.

"Alas! poor fardingales must lie i' the streete,
To house them no door i' the citie is meete;
Synce at our narrow doors they in cannot win,
Send them to Oxforde, at Broadgate to get in."

The following can scarcely be reckoned amongst collegiate witticisms, its birth having been extra-academic. It is given by the editor with just enough of its history to give it interest—a course which, if adopted in the case of some other epigrams in the book, would have well repaid in value the addition to its bulk:—

"George II. having sent a regiment of horse to Oxford, and at the same time a collection of books to Cambridge, Dr. Trapp wrote the following epigram:—

"Our royal master saw with heedful eyes
The wants of his two Universities;
Troops he to Oxford sent, as knowing why,
That learned body wanted loyalty:
But books to Cambridge gave, as well discerning
That that right loyal body wanted learning."

"An epigram which Dr. Johnson, to show his contempt of the Whiggish notions which prevailed at Cambridge, was fond of quoting; but having done so in the presence of Sir William Browne, the physician, was answered by him thus:—

"The king to Oxford sent his troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument."

"Johnson did Sir William the justice
to say, 'It was one of the happiest extem-
poraneous productions he ever met with;'—
though he once comically confessed that 'he
hated to repeat the wit of a Whig urged in
support of Whiggism.'"

This book is poor, too, in those scholastic
epigrams of which a good many were in cir-
culation in more scholarly days. We have,
indeed, Porson's upon poor Dido—"Di-do-
dum,"—which is rather schoolboyish, after
all; but there is a much better one upon the
same lady, which we remember to have seen
somewhere in print, with the name of the re-
puted author:—

"Virgil, whose magic verse enthalls
(And where is poet greater?),
Sometimes his wandering hero calls
Now *Pius*, and now *Pater*;

"But when, prepared the worst to brave
(An action that must pain us),
He leads fair Dido to the cave,
He calls him '*Dux Trojanus*.'

"Why did the poet change the word?
The reason plain is, sure;
'*Pius Æneas*' were absurd,
And '*Pater*' premature."

Some sort of historical arrangement of epi-
grams might (like a good collection of carica-
tures) throw an amusing light upon contem-
porary history; and we should like to see a
careful collection attempted on this principle.
One of the best of these quasi-historical *jeux*
d'esprit in the collection before us is new to
us, and may be so to many of our readers:—

"ON THE ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT, PASSED 1772.

"Quoth Dick to Tom, 'This Act appears
Absurd, as I'm alive:
To take the crown at eighteen years,
The wife at twenty-five.

"The mystery how shall we explain?
For sure, as well 'twas said,
Thus early if they're fit to reign,
They must be fit to wed.'

"Quoth Tom to Dick, 'Thou art a fool,
And little know'st of Life;
Alas! 'tis easier far to rule
A kingdom than a wife.'"

These kind of gatherings, trifling as they
are, are pleasant dalliance for the student of
national history, and may even help to im-
press the dry facts upon his memory. We

remember Addington's short-lived Adminis-
tration all the better, if we chance to associate
with it the witty French epitaph suggested
for him,—

"Ministre soi-disant, *Médecin malgre lui*."

It would be very easy to add to the few given
in this little book. That of the Anti-Jacobin,
on the Paris "Loan upon England," should
at least have found a place:—

"The Paris cites, a patriotic band,
Advance their cash on British freehold land;
But let the speculating rogues beware;
They've bought the *skin*—but who's to kill the
bear?"

The times that followed the Revolution of
1688 were perhaps the great age of what we
may call historical epigrams. The bitterness
of political hostility found vent in satiric
verse, as well as in other less harmless outlets;
and those who concealed their Orange or Jac-
obite feelings from motives of self-interest,
often indulged themselves with handing about
this kind of political weapon, which was
sometimes claimed by the authors in safer
days. William on the one hand, and good
Queen Anne on the other, were unfailing
subjects. But the epigrams of that day had
more rancor than wit; and even in the best,
their coarseness generally forbids quotation.
Swift's were, of course, the wittiest, and the
least decent. None were so happy, and few
so delicate, as that little epigram of his in
prose, when it was suggested for the new
king's coronation motto, "*Recepi, non rapui*,"
and the dean rejoined that he supposed the
translation was, "The receiver is as bad as
the thief." The Duke of Marlborough with
his wavering allegiance, his penurious habits,
and his uxorious fondness for his termagant
Sarah, came in for a large share of this ques-
tionable literary homage. Swift's epitaph
upon him (Booth, p. 58) is too long for quo-
tation, and there are more serious objections
to some others which do not want for point.
His new palace of Blenheim was ridiculed in
strings of couplets, bad and good. One of
the best is not in this collection; on the high
arch built over the little brook in the park,—

"The lofty arch his high ambition shows;
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows."

In order to understand the violence displayed
in the language of some of these effusions, it is
necessary to understand thoroughly the rela-
tions between the parties, and the provocation

which has been sometimes given. An epigram on Lord Cadogan by Bishop Atterbury, given in the collection before us, will strike the reader as mere rabid abuse, unless he remembers the circumstances which called it forth which should certainly have accompanied it by way of explanation. It ends thus :—

“Ungrateful to th’ ungrateful men he grew by—
A bold, bad, boisterous, blustering, bloody
booby.”

Atterbury had been imprisoned in the Tower on a very well-founded charge of treason. Such cases were embarrassing to the ruling powers; and in the royal drawing-room the question had been mooted, “What was to be done with the man?” Cadogan was present, and replied, “Throw him to the lions.” The brutality of the suggestion may excuse the Bishop’s retaliation.

A contemporary epitaph on Bishop Burnet shows how the rancorous spirit of party pursued the dead with a bitterness which is really horrible, even if we charitably hope it was meant half for jest :—

“If Heaven is pleased when sinners cease to sin,
If Hell is pleased when sinners enter in,
If men are pleased at parting with a knave,
Then all are pleased—for Burnet’s in his grave.”

Perhaps the best of the Jacobite epigrams is one which Mr. Booth has not given :—

“God bless the King! God bless the Faith’s
Defender!
The devil take the Pope and the Pretender!—
Who the Pretender is, and who the King—
God bless us all! is quite another thing.”

The modern definition of an epigram implies that it should have a spice of malice. We have adopted the Roman notion of it, contained in the Latin distich which the editor takes as the motto for his preface.

“Omne epigramma sit instar apis; sit aculeus
illi,
Sint sua mella, sit et corporis exigui.”

Of which he adds a rather washy translation, and which is perhaps rather difficult to translate; sooner than risk the attempt ourselves, we will give one which we find in an old miscellany, and which is at least more concise than Mr. Booth’s :—

“The qualities three in a bee that we meet,
In an epigram never should fail;
The body should always be little and sweet,
And a sting should be left in its tail.”

But the original meaning of an epigram is

quite a different thing as Mr. Booth observes; it was merely an *inscription*, usually short, inasmuch as it was to be engraved on an altar, temple, or monumental tablet; and far from being bitter or personal, it was usually laudatory or simply commemorative. The well-known inscription at Thermopylae was one of the earliest and best which have come down to us: “Go, traveller, tell it in Sparta that we lie here in obedience to her laws.” Even when the Greeks extended the term to something more like our modern use of it—a few short pithy verses with some special point in view—they did not consider that a “sting” was any necessary part of it. Few of the Greek epigrams, except the latest, are satirical. But the Roman satirists adopted the form, and degraded the use, in which our English writers have followed them. But though popular to a certain extent in our minor literature, the epigram is not a thoroughly English thing: it hardly suits the genius of the language. The Greek, the Latin, and even the French, preserve its point and neatness in a degree which our writers can rarely imitate. The Spartan brevity, the Attic salt, the neat turn of the Latin distich, are of the very elements of its excellence; though there seems no need for quite so strict a limitation as Boileau’s—“*un bon mot de deux rimes orné*.” The Romans gave it the most pungency; but for simple elegance it has never been surpassed in its natural home, the Greek. Mr. Booth in this collection gives a good many translations from the Greek anthology—not always of the best specimens to be found there; though nothing can be more beautiful than this free version by Lord Nugent, fully worthy of the original :—

“I loved thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So altered are thy face and mind,
’Twere perjury to love thee now.”

Or this again, which has no author’s name,
—“On a statue of Niobe” :—

“To stone the gods have changed her;—but in
vain;
The sculptor’s art gave her to breathe again.”

But comparatively few of us are aware of the extent of the obligations in this way to the Greek writers, of whom the very names are lost. Many which pass as English originals in this collection, as in others, are really only adaptations of the classical Greek idea. How

many of our present readers remember that the proverb which has such a true homely English sound that it seems as though it must be a native—

"There's many a slip,
'Twixt the cup and the lip."

is the merest literal translation of a Greek verse—an epigram in the original sense—an inscription on a drinking-cup? Did the French king know, when he uttered the famous *mot*, "*Après moi le deluge*," that he was merely quoting an anonymous Greek, of no one knows how many centuries before him? We forget in what English divine's published devotions we noted a thought which struck us at the time as very beautiful—and original, till we turned it up in the old *Anthologia*—"Give us those things which be good for us even though we ask them not; and those things which be hurtful to us, even if we ask them, withhold." Heathens, were those Greeks? they were not altogether wrong in the matter of prayer at any rate. "*Fas est et ab hoste doceri*." There is a temptation to linger among the classics (especially after reading through a book of English epigrams—like the tailor who stands up to rest) to which we plead guilty, and for which we hope we have shown some excuse. Let us recommend, in reparation to the "country gentlemen," an inscription for their clocks or sun-dials well worth adopting, and which may have the merit of novelty, for we have never yet seen it in an English version—another Greek "epigram," in the real sense of the word—a beautiful variation of the hackneyed moral, "*Tempus fugit*;" we give the original below,* to make amends for any shortcoming in our translations:—

"Brief while the rose doth bloom; gather it straight;
No rose, but thorns, remain for those that wait."

Of course, even in English, there are epigrams which can be classed as "Moral and Panegyric," as well as "Satirical and Humorous;" though the present editor can find only ninety pages of these latter to balance some two hundred of the more piquant and better remembered class, and even to do this, has thought himself at liberty to include a good many extracts that are not epigrams at all, such as long passages from Shak-

* Το ῥόδον ἀκμάζει βαυὸν χρόνον ἦν δὲ παρέλθῃ,
Ζητῶν εὐρήσεις οὐ ῥόδον, ἀλλὰ βῆτον.

speare, Goldsmith, and Cowper, and from Aytoun's "*Bothwell*." After all, there are several which seem curiously out of place in this second division; the well known "*Balnea, vina, Venus*" hardly comes under the category of "Moral;" and we doubt whether the subject of the following, whether spinster or widow, would have received it as "panegyric":—

"Though age has changed thee, late so fair,
I love thee ne'er the worse;
For when he took thy golden hair,
He filled with gold thy purse."

Some of the older complimentary verses are really elegant and worth preserving. Take this on the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire canvassing Westminster for Charles Fox:—

"Arrayed in matchless beauty, Devon's Fair,
In Fox's favor takes a zealous part;
But, oh! where'er the pilferer comes, beware—
She supplicates a vote and steals a heart."

We do not care much for tributes of this kind to anonymous young ladies, though some of them are prettily turned enough. As has been remarked before, epigrams which have a personal history are by far the most interesting. Of these Mr. Booth has omitted several which were very easy to be found, and better in their way than very many of his selections. Such as these surely deserved a place for every reason:—

"ON MISS VASSAL (LADY HOLLAND) AT A MAS-
QUERADE, FEB. 27, 1786.

"Imperial nymph! ill-suited is thy name
To speak the wonders of that radiant frame;
Where'er thy sovereign form on earth is seen,
All eyes are *Vassals*—thou alone a queen."

"ON THE TWO BEAUTIFUL MISS GUNNINGS.

"Sly Cupid, perceiving our modern beaux' hearts
Were proof to the sharpest and best of his darts,
His power to maintain, the young urchin, grown
cunning,
Has laid down his bow, and now conquers by
Gunning."

"ERSKINE TO LADY PAYNE.

(He had complained of feeling unwell at her house.)

"'Tis true I am ill, but I need not complain,
For he never knew pleasure that never knew
Payne."

And in spite of its being anonymous (so far as we know) both as to author and subject, we should like to add this last to the editor's collection:—

"ON A PATCH ON A LADY'S FACE.

"That artful speck upon her face
Had been a foil in one less fair;
In her it hides a killing grace,
And she in mercy placed it there."

We have not much faith in *impromptus*, which usually cost their authors much time and pains to compose; but we are glad to see again one of Theodore Hook's (who really had the gift of making them) which if the circumstances of its production are faithfully recorded, is one of the very best that was ever put into print. He is said to have been sitting at the piano, composing and singing one of those extempore songs in which he adapted a verse to the name of each one of the company present, when a Mr. Wynter entered the room quite unexpectedly. Hook at once started off as follows:—

"Here comes Mr. Wynter, surveyor of taxes,
I advise you to give him whatever he axes;
And that, too, without any nonsense or flummery,
For though his name's Wynter, his actions are
summary."

Of such as are really epigrams in the original sense—inscriptions—one of the best in the book, and perhaps not so commonly known as some others, is that said to be still visible at the Duke of Richmond Inn, at Goodwood, on the carved figure-head (a lion) of Anson's ship the Centurion:—

"Stay, traveller, awhile, and view
I who have travelled more than you;
Quite round the globe in each degree,
Anson and I have plowed the sea;
Torrid and frigid zones have passed,
And safe ashore arrived at last,
In ease and dignity appear—
He in the House of Lords—I here."

The collection is not improved by the addition of a third class, containing "Monumental Epigrams." If intended as a collection of genuine epitaphs remarkable for their terseness or eccentricity, it is anything but complete, and the thing has been much better done before. But in point of fact it is a jumble of old tombstone verses, either genuine, or which have passed for such, with the playful or bitter "last words" which wits have suggested for their friends or enemies. By the side of inscriptions which are known to have a local existence, we find such things as Goldsmith's "Madam Blaize," Moore's lines upon Southey, and *Punch's* suggested epitaph on a locomotive engine—"Her end was pieces." The classification of epigrams is

perhaps not very easy; but this kind of division into "Humorous" and "Monumental" is certainly the most illogical that ever was attempted. We wonder under which heading the editor would have classed the following verses, if he had happened to meet with them. They are an anticipatory dirge for Professor Buckland, at that time the great popular geologist, from the pen of Archbishop Whately. We do not know that they have been printed, except in the columns of a newspaper.

"Mourn, Ammonites, mourn o'er his funeral urn,
Whose neck * ye must grace no more;
Gneiss, granite and slate,—he settled your date,
And his ye must now deplore.

"Weep, caverns, weep, with infiltrating drip,
Your recesses he'll cease to explore;
For mineral veins or organic remains,
No stratum again will he bore.

"His wit shone like Crystal—his knowledge profound
From Gravel to Granite descended;
No Trap could deceive him, no Slip confound,
No specimen, true or pretended.

"Where shall we our great Professor inter,
That in peace may rest his bones?
If we hew him a rocky sepulchre,
He'll get up and break the stones,
And examine each strata that lies around,
For he's quite in his element underground.

"If with mattock and spade his body we lay
In the common alluvial soil;
He'll start up and snatch those tools away
Of his own geological toil;
In a stratum so young the Professor disdains
That embedded should be his organic remains.

"Then exposed to the drip of some case-hardening spring,
His carcass let stalactite cover;
And to Oxford the petrified sage let us bring,
When duly encrusted all over;
There 'mid mammoths and crocodiles, high on the shelf,
Let him stand as a monument raised to himself
"1st Dec. 1820."

The reader will find, in this last class, four Latin lines which have always been a puzzle to curious scholars. They are said to be found on a stone in Lavenham Church, Norfolk—

"Quod fuit esse quod est
Quod non fuit esse quod esse

* The ladies of Dr. Buckland's family—if not the professor himself—occasionally wore necklaces of ammonites.

Esse quod non esse
Quod est non est erit esse."

(We prefer leaving out the commas, as we have found the punctuation of other passages, whether the printer's or the editor's, of rather a hap-hazard character.) There is a translation given—one of several which we have seen, perfectly intelligible in themselves, but quite impossible to be got, by any fair grammatical process, out of the original Latin. The most plausible interpretation suggested—and if not the true one, it has, at least, the merit of great ingenuity—goes upon the supposition that the name of the deceased was *Toby Watt*. Then it comes out something like this: "That which was Toby Watt, is what Toby Watt was not; to be Toby Watt, is not to be what Toby Watt is; Toby is not, he will be." It is true that the Lavenham epitaph is said to be upon one John Wales: but we believe it exists elsewhere, with various readings: and it is by no means impossible the John Wales's relatives borrowed the inscription, admiring it none the less that it was unintelligible. That some such play upon words is the key to the riddle, seems probably from another epitaph in Mr. Booth's book—

"Hic jacet Plus, plus non est hic,
Plus et non plus—quomodo sic?"

Of which the following, said to be in St. Benet's Church, Paul's Wharf, seems to be a free translation—

"Here lies one *More*, and no more than he;
One *More* and no more—how can that be?

Why, one *More* and no more may well lie here
alone,
But here lies one *More*, and that's more than
one."

Such grim puns were not thought irreverent to the dead by the taste of the day. We are not fond either of monumental witticisms or monumental eulogy: if we must needs choose a poetical memorial, there is one in the book (which really exists at Peterborough) whose plain-speaking strikes our fancy:—

"Reader, pass on, nor idly waste your time,
In bad biography, or bitter rhyme;
What I am now, this cumbrous clay insures,
And what I was is no affair of yours."

It will be seen that we have been unable to compliment the present editor on his selection. Especially we regret to see some of the modern personalities of *Punch* copied into his pages. They may be excused in an ephemeral publication; they are not really malicious—indeed, nothing is more remarkable than their general good-humor and freedom from bitterness, when the temptations of the professional joker are considered—and they answer the intended purpose of raising a laugh. But in a book intended for the drawing-room table, as this seems to be, the same sense of propriety which has excluded some of the wittiest epigrams of former generations on account of their grossness, should also have selected verses of no remarkable brilliancy, which described living and late bishops (whose names are supplied in a note as "*Soapey*" and "*Cheesey*," to remain in the files of periodical papers, or in the memories of their admirers.

FROM the "American Publishers' Circular" for May, just received from Messrs. Trubner & Co., we find that Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, of Boston, announce a "Life of W. H. Prescott," by Dr. George Ticknor, to be published in quarto, with illustrations; Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, have in press the "History of Charles the Bold," by the late Mr. Prescott's assistant, Mr. John F. Kirk; Messrs. Mason Brothers, of New York, will shortly publish a "History of General Butler's Campaign and Administration at New Orleans," by Mr. Parton, whose "Life of Benjamin Franklin" has been looked forward to for several years; the Hon. Edward Everett is completing the manuscript of "The Law of Nations," a book to which the present state of America will furnish much new and

curious matter; and Mr. B. J. Lossing announces a "History of the Rebellion." Dr. Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors" is getting towards completion, and the MS. of the second volume will soon be in the printer's hands—the letter S., and the Smiths in particular (there being no less than 680 authors of that name, of whom more than eighty are Johns) having been a sad stumbling-block in the compiler's way.

MICHEL CHEVALIER is engaged at this moment, by command of Napoleon III., on a large work on the internal resources of Mexico, drawn from reports prepared by special messengers, sent out for the purpose in the train of the French army of invasion.

From The Reader.

DE QUINCEY'S REMAINS.

DE QUINCEY'S writings hardly belong to what can be called "current literature." They are now rather a portion of that past English literature of which we are proud as a national inheritance. Hence the completion of the collected edition of De Quincey's works in fifteen volumes by Messrs. A. and C. Black of Edinburgh is a topic rather for our leading article than for one of our reviews. But it is an event that ought not to go by unchronicled. A few years ago, while De Quincey was yet alive, the only collected edition of his writings was an American edition, which had been very creditably undertaken by an American publisher in order to meet the demand in the United States caused by De Quincey's fame. Based on this edition there at last came forth a British edition, superintended by De Quincey himself, and all but finished when he died. The present is a re-issue of that edition, with improvements and additions. The fifteen volumes ought to be in every library that aims at containing what is most excellent in English literature. For De Quincey is one of our classics, one of our real immortals, and his remains are one of the richest and most peculiar bequests that have recently fallen in to the great accumulation of our standard English prose. Whoever knows not De Quincey has his education in our higher English literature still to complete.

What a strange life was De Quincey's! A dream rather than a life, a passive flitting to and fro, almost a disembodied existence, unbound, unregulated by any of the ties and punctualities that bind and regulate ordinary lives! The end of it is within recent recollection. You were walking, perhaps, with a friend in one of the quiet country-lanes near Edinburgh; and there passed you timidly a strange diminutive creature, with his hat hung on the back of his head, at whom you could not help looking back, and whom, when you did look back, you found also stopping, as if in suspicious alarm, and looking back at you. "That is De Quincey," your friend would whisper; and the diminutive creature would hastily move on, as if fearful of being caught, and disappear round the first turning, the rim of his hat still sloping back over his shabby coat-collar. And so, in wanderings about in the lanes and country-roads near

Edinburgh, in the vicinity of which he then had his home—varied by occasional disappearances, during which he could not be traced—were passed the last years of a man who, some fifty years before, had been the companion of Wordsworth and Southey and Coleridge in the Lake-district, who had thereafter started out from that illustrious group as an intellectual notability *sui generis*, and who, for thirty years or more, had been famous in London and everywhere as the English Opium-eater, and one of the finest writers in the English language. Quietly and furtively, with all this retrospect of notoriety behind him, like some small and enfeebled ticket-of-leave man, amazingly afraid of the police, and dimly conscious that they might still have a right to him, did De Quincey flit about lanes and country-roads in his last obscure retreat—occasionally clutched and borne away in a cab (which was the only way of securing him) to be the lion of an Edinburgh evening-party, when, after he had discoursed most beautiful talk for hours, the problem would arise how on earth to get him away again. At last, on impulse or on suggestion, "out into the Night," as the German novelists have it, he would go; and what became of him no one knew, and no one cared.

And yet this strange life must, from first to last, have been a life of singular industry and labor. This singular being, this migratory and almost disembodied intellect, this little wandering anatomy, topped with a brain, whom a habit of opium-eating contracted in its early youth had loosened, as it seemed, from all the social realities of life, and almost from all sense of worldly responsibility, had been leading an indefatigable life of its own—all observation, all memory, all reverie, all speculation. Howsoever and whensoever he had acquired his scholarship, there were few such learned and accomplished men in his day as De Quincey. He had read enormously, without ever seeming to have books by him, much less a library. He had made himself his own encyclopædia, and, wherever he was, could quote all that he wanted to quote, dates and references included, from memory. Then, not belonging to the world, but only as some merely intellectual spirit moving about in the world, he had taken note of everything in it, serious or humorous, and had forgotten nothing that he had once noted. With a memory thus

full and ever becoming fuller, and with a tendency at the same time to investigation, reasoning, and fantastic constructions of his own ideas, he had, nearly all his life, and in the main for the mere purpose of earning the necessary sustenance of bread or opium, been in the habit of throwing off—nay, not throwing off, for they were carefully written, with corrections and interlineations—articles for magazines and other periodicals. Each article, when written, seems to have been thrown over his shoulder, unregistered, unfilled, uncared-for; and yet, incessantly and laboriously, he was writing fresh articles. Of books, or things originally shaped as books, he gave but one or two to the world; his whole literary life was a succession of articles for periodicals. It seemed to be the same to him where his articles went, provided they brought him the small immediate payment he wanted—whether to periodicals of note or to obscure periodicals; and it is one of the oddest things we know that this English literary celebrity, this veteran man of genius, whose services the greatest periodical in the land might have been glad to command at any price, should have spent some of his last years in composing articles for local periodicals, posting the packets of manuscript at the Lasswade post-office, and fearing lest, from being too late, they should be rejected altogether. Not till the very end of his life, and then probably less on his own motion than on the urging of friends, did he set about collecting his scattered papers, or indicating, from the lists in his memory, from what miscellaneous quarters they might be collected. And yet these scattered articles in all sorts of periodicals for some thirty or forty years were what De Quincey was and now is to the world; and the fifteen volumes in which they are now collected are, with the exception of a book or two, and some articles left out as scarcely worth reprinting, De Quincey's total remains.

It is seldom that an author attempts a classification of his own writings, and more seldom still that a classification which an author does propose of his own writings is satisfactory to others. De Quincey, however, in the preface to the collected edition of his writings which he himself superintended, proposed a classification of these writings which cannot be improved upon. Neither in that edition nor in the present is the classi-

fication followed in the actual arrangement of the volumes—probably for the practical reason, that the classes of writings theoretically discriminated shade into each other; but, theoretically, the classification is perfect; and, had it been possible, we should have preferred an arrangement of the writings according to it to any other arrangement except the strictly chronological. In a collected edition of an author's writings, and especially in a posthumous edition, the chronological arrangement, where possible, is always the very best. Leaving that matter, however, let us attend to De Quincey's theoretical distribution of the contents of these fifteen volumes. They might be distributed, he said, into three classes:—I. *Writings of fact, reminiscence, and historical narration.* Under such a head, though not precisely so named, De Quincey included a large and very interesting portion of the contents of these fifteen volumes. He cited the "Autobiographic Sketches" as an example. These "Autobiographic Sketches" contain recollections of his own life, and of his acquaintance with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey and others; but there are, in the fifteen volumes, many papers of the same order, not autobiographic, but more generally historical or biographic, which are extremely substantial and valuable. All De Quincey's literary biographies are worth reading; and we recollect his sketch of Bentley's life as especially interesting and thorough. On the whole, we will make but one remark on this portion of De Quincey's writings; and that is that, whereas we have found that the statements of all opium-eaters of facts relating to themselves are to be received with caution, or even, where they are very picturesque, are to be punctually disbelieved, we have found, on the other hand, that, in general matters of history, opium-eaters are not necessarily inventive, but may be extraordinarily exact and accurate. II. *Speculative writings, or writings addressed to the purely rational faculty.* A large proportion of De Quincey's writings are of this kind; and, in our opinion, these—or those others in which criticism and speculation are blended with biography and history—are among his best. His was, indeed, a singularly subtle and, as the Germans say, *spitzfindig* intellect; and, out of the class of expressly systematic thinkers, we do not know a recent writer whose investigations of vexed

problems are finer and more ingenious, or, what is more, whose conclusions are more distinct and trustworthy than De Quincey's. He reminds us here, both in matter and in manner, of Coleridge—whom, indeed, in the main, he resembled more than he resembled any other of his predecessors; and we would say of him, as we would say of Coleridge, that whoever is investigating any question ought to make a point of seeing whether this thinker has said anything about it—confident that, if he has, he has gone into the very crevices of the subject, and made deep and exquisite incisions in the right direction. In all matters relating, in particular, to literary criticism, and the philosophy of style and literature, De Quincey, like Coleridge, is masterly; and his essays on such subjects are worth a score of the older English treatises on Rhetoric. Nor, though De Quincey's method is subtle, are his conclusions unsound or merely ingenious. His "Letters to a young man whose education has been neglected" are replete with good sense, and are about the wisest advices on the subject of literary culture we have ever read. III. *Imaginative Prose-Writings.* De Quincey claimed to be a practitioner of a style of imaginative and rhythmical, or highly impassioned prose, of which, in universal literature, there had been few precedents; and, as examples of such prose-poetry, he pointed to passages in his "Confessions of an Opium-Eater," and still

more confidently to his "*Suspiria de Profundis.*" There is no doubt that he was right, and that from these and other writings of De Quincey specimens may be cited of what may be called prose-rhapsody or rich and weirdly prose-phantasy, such as can be cited from no other English prose-writer. Nor, whatever may be the intrinsic value of this style of writing, is that value abated by the fact that De Quincey, as a critic of his own writings, was aware of the peculiarity of this portion of them.

All in all, since Coleridge's death, we know of no English writer, speculative in the cast of his genius, without being expressly systematic, whose remains are a more valuable bequest to British literature than those of De Quincey. He died in the same year with Lord Macaulay; and, while all Britain was ringing with proclamations of the national loss sustained by Lord Macaulay's death, the sole tribute to poor old De Quincey was the tribute of a few short and scattered obituary notices in the newspapers. The difference was proper as regarded the relative social importance of the two lives. And yet, perhaps, the worth of Lord Macaulay's literary remains, as compared with those of De Quincey, is as the worth of some highly burnished mass of a metal of gold and copper mixed, compared with the worth of an equal mass of pure white silver worked into foliage and frosted filagree.

MESSERS. TRUBNER & Co. have just ready M. Frolich's "Lord's Prayer" (with an etched dedication plate and prefatory plate and ten etched designs illustrative of the text), dedicated to the Princess Alexandra. In all these designs the subject proper is combined with arabesques of appropriate foliage. Thus, in the Lord's Prayer, the pimpernel and small corn-flower frame the design for "Give us this day our daily bread;" the palms of triumphant beatitude support the design for "Thy kingdom come;" thorns and brambles hedge in the designs appropriated to the averting temptation and the deliverance from evil. The plates are exquisitely executed from graceful designs.

A LITERARY association, under the title of "Society of Norman Bibliophiles," has just been established at Rouen. Its object is to collect and print rare works and manuscripts relating to Normandy. It is stated that many of the private

libraries of Normandy are possessed of most valuable collections of ancient documents, not a few of them relating to the early connection between France and England.

THE long-expected correspondence of Goethe with Duke Charles Augustus of Saxe-Weimar, containing, it is stated, matter of the very highest interest, is now definitely announced to appear at the beginning of June. The work will be in two volumes, published by Voigt and Gunther, Leipzig.

THE flint-hatchet difficulty is at last settled. A popular curate in Hertfordshire, in a lecture lately on the connection between geology and the Bible, said that these flint hatchets had been a difficulty to some people, but for his part he had not the slightest difficulty in the matter; he had no doubt that they were made by the Fallen Angels.

From The Saturday Review, 23 May.

THE ENGLISH COURT.

LONDON saw a very strange sight last Saturday. It saw carriage after carriage of ladies, old and young, in the brightest and gayest dresses possible, waiting quietly in a block far away towards Kensington and Regent's Park, in order that, at the end of a May spring afternoon, they might reach the Palace of St. James. There they sat, like sheep decked out for a sacrifice, smiling vaguely on the crowds that stared at them, bleating perhaps in an undertone to each other, but without power to move, losing gradually, first patience, and then hope. These ladies were all going to court, and this is what going to court is practically like in England. They were the flower of beauty and wealth and fashion, on their way to pay their first homage to a bride. At last, after hours of exhaustion, they reached the dingy, shabby little mansion where it is the fancy of English sovereigns to receive their subjects. They had then to squeeze, and to be squeezed, to lose temper and finery, to vent their feelings in those looks of fire which are to women a facile substitute for oaths. They had to fight as the wild eager outlaws from society fight to get a good place at an execution, and at last they reached the presence of the Princess. She, too, shared the pleasures of an English Court Reception. She had to stand bowing for hours until at last she could stand no longer. Etiquette tried to turn out nature with a fork, but nature came back. This was what all the state and ceremony and wealth and loveliness of England ended in. It is only England that could have had so much to throw away, and only England that would have thrown it away. There could scarcely be any sight more beautiful than the sight of an English drawing-room as it might be; and there is scarcely any sight so aggravating and ludicrous as an English drawing-room as it is. The spectacle of an Eastern darbar has appealed to the imagination and gratified the taste of every successive generation of Englishmen in India. The harmony of colors, the blaze of jewels, the repose and dignity of those there, the quiet, the order, the grandeur of the whole, have never failed to charm those who have seen the spectacle. But England could gather a darbar of which India has never dreamed. If vast halls, and magnificence, and palatial state—if the treasures

of art, and the delights of form and color, as accessories—could enhance the effect, we have them. The gay clothing, the blazing jewelry, the personal grace of Orientals would be eclipsed by the splendor of English dresses and the loveliness of English faces. The respectful homage which Orientals pay to their sovereign is repeated in England, but it has the additional worth of a self-respect felt by those who pay it, and of the genuine emotion of affection and regard which an English sovereign awakens so easily. A drawing-room might be a delight to the eye, and a gratification to the sense of beauty and perfection—a link between the sovereign and the subject, and a tribute to the excellence of English charms. It is a crash, a dim battle of worn-out sufferers, an ugly, heart-rending disappointment.

The fact is, that the times have changed, and the habits of the people are changed, but the ways of the court have remained the same. A hundred years ago, the Palace of St. James's suited the sovereigns of the house of Hanover very well. They saw a limited number of people, and saw them in a friendly way. They knew something of the history of those presented to them, and were not above a taste for the gossip and scandal of an idle, sociable circle. They were like a family great enough to go on in their own way, and to expect that their neighbors should be pleased to drop in upon them. The days of the court pageantry which suited the tastes brought with them by the Stuarts from the old connection of Scotland with France, were no objects of envy to royalty in the early days of the Georges. Royalty had come from Germany, and in Germany royalty considers that the truly royal thing is to be simply the first family in the country—the richest, and the best-born and the most powerful, but still perhaps one of the homeliest, simply because a family that is past rivalry is past affectation. The fashion in such matters was soon set; and England was quite content that its sovereigns should keep court as German princes are wont to do. So St. James's was pronounced to do very well. The aristocracy and a few adroit people at the top of professions made their way into the presence of the king and queen, and ate and chatted with them, as in these days country neighbors eat and chat in the great house of the district. Those old days are gone by,

and the court has changed in some degree, and its relations to the people have also changed. There is no longer a small privileged set which is born to go to court, and which alone presumes to go there. Now, every lady goes that is a little ambitious and can afford the dress. England is much more before the world; and a royal spectacle is a matter of far more than local interest. The sovereign is now the head of the nation, and, in matters of show and magnificence is to a great extent expected to lead the nation and represent it properly. The court and the upper society of England is daily more and more brought into intimate relations with the courts and the society of continental capitals; and although there is little of the old familiarity which was natural in the meetings of members of small circles in frequent communication with each other, yet there is a much more extended acquaintanceship than there used to be, and the court is looked to as a basis for this widely spread connection. The court has more to do than formerly, and has to do it for people who are not nearly so intimately bound up with its daily life.

And yet drawing-rooms are still held at St. James's and ladies are crushed and worried to death, and royal brides fatigued to exhaustion, rather than change the manners with the times, and listen to the whisperings of common sense and the dictates of a proper pride. But it must not be supposed that the English court acts without a settled purpose, or without reasons entitled to considerable weight. The court clings, at the cost of all this inconvenience, to old customs, because they are linked with something which it is thought ought not to pass away. The royal family has lived for a century and a half in England on the plan of German royalty. It has been simply a family, but a royal one, and the only exception is certainly not one to make it seem very desirable to abandon the old order for a new one. The court of the regency was of the sort of brilliancy which is not liked by the English court or the English people. It might not be safe to change. The constitution, to say the least, harmonizes very well with the German theory of royal life. It might not be quite so well if our sovereign were like the sovereign of the Tuileries, and spent millions in state shows and in fêtes and pageants for the world. And then, again, it is very natural that royalty

should scarcely wish to encourage this passion for going to court in people who have no official reason for going, and who have not been born in the court circles. It lowers the position of the sovereign that royalty should be treated as it was in Paris, when the citizen-king was expected to behave as a citizen to his fellow-citizens. Nor is it by any means a duty to encourage the abandonment of the old distinctions of station, the love for show, the silly pretences involved in a general rush to court of nobodies—of ladies who are not in court circles, nor the wives or daughters of distinguished men. It is a very moderate estimate to say that at least a fourth of those who go would be much better at home. Even if the sovereign is not entitled actually to exclude them, the sovereign is not bound to facilitate their trying to blow themselves out to the size of the proper court visitor. Many families, perhaps, will date the beginning of the pretensions that will harass and cripple them for years, from the evil day when vanity prompted the desire to sit in one of those blocked carriages, and fight in that disastrous crush. The conservatism of the English court in this respect has therefore not been without its use and its justification. Only the time has come when things cannot go on as they are. It may be desirable that the English court should forego some of the magnificence which it could so easily command. Some sort of check may be pardonably imposed on presentations by hundreds and hundreds at a time. But it is a great pity that the business should be done so absurdly ill as at present. These are not bad times for royalty, and especially for royalty in England; and the little drawbacks of happy times must be taken with the advantages. It is a drawback on being lovable and pretty and good, that the world likes to look at you sometimes when you had much rather not have the bore of being looked at. It would be pleasanter, perhaps, to have the glory and the respect of royalty without the duties often so unavoidably tedious. But it cannot be; and an English sovereign has, if duty is done, a very busy time of it. It is now a piece of necessary business to arrange the drawing-room properly, and a very little consideration, once for all, and a very little extra trouble every summer would suffice to carry out all that is wanted.

From The Reader.

A CONFEDERATE APOCALYPSE.

Anticipations of the Future, to Serve as Lessons for the Present Time. In the Form of Extracts of Letters from an English Resident in the United States to the "London Times," from 1864 to 1870. With an Appendix on the Causes and Consequences of the Independence of the South. (Richmond, Va., 1860.)

AMID the emotions produced by the intelligence now in course of transmission from America, it might appear almost preposterous to bestow any attention on an attempt to forecast the lineaments of the Great Civil War on a scale as petty as if it rather concerned the squabbles of two principalities than the destinies of two continents. Yet this singular work before us deserves notice, both as a curiosity and as a valuable testimony to the motives and feelings which impelled the Southern Americans to a conflict of the extent and seriousness of which they had evidently a very inadequate conception. Published in June, 1860, six months before the secession of South Carolina, the book is a deliberate anticipation of the step, and a minute detail of its progress and results as visible to the prophetic eye of a fanatic and exasperated Southerner. The writer, however, is evidently a man of intelligence and cultivation, accustomed to political life, of mature years—he remembers the blockade of 1812-15—and of good standing among his countrymen, as may be inferred from the fact that his appendix is reprinted from "De Bow's Review," almost the only respectable literary organ they possess. The machinery employed is unexceptionable enough, being neither vision nor trance, but simply the correspondence of an imaginary *Times* reporter at Washington. Had we seen this volume on its first appearance, we might have objected to the improbability inherent in the character of an Englishman represented as the thorough-going apologist of slavery. It is needless to observe that we are now fully convinced of our mistake.

At first sight, confidence in the discernment of our prophet would seem impaired by his fixing the foreboded disruption for 1868. But we learn, on consulting his preface, that this is but a condescending accommodation of the *mens divinior* to the timidity of unbelievers. His own conviction is that secession will and

should take place immediately upon the anticipated election of Mr. Lincoln. But there are, unfortunately, numerous "submissionists" in the South—souls so mean and dastardly as to be positively unwilling to take up arms against their countrymen till they have received some injury at their hands. Magnanimously according these mean spirits eight years to arrive at a sense of propriety, he fixes the meeting of the secessionist convention at Atlanta, Ga., for January 20, 1868. Always, be it remembered, under protest. And, in fact, his views of Southern reasonableness reflect so much credit upon his discernment that it is a pity to find them coupled with a strong opinion that the North would never dare to engage in hostilities at all—a conviction which underlies the whole book.

Let us suppose ourselves, then, promoted to A.D. 1868, and able to bestow a hasty glance on the path by which we have travelled to Secession. President Lincoln, it seems, was elected in 1860 "by a small majority. Public indignation would not permit a Southern vote to be offered for him"—a pretty comment on freedom of election south of Mason and Dixon. It is interesting to observe the improvement in the president's appearance when brought into the light of prophecy. "He was courteous to all, conciliatory to his personal enemies, and did not show any resentment against those who had been his loudest vilifiers. . . . His policy and administration were praiseworthy, and respected for probity, wisdom, and firmness. . . . He maintained the dignity of the Government abroad and its respectability at home." So, at last, we have found a Southerner speaking well of President Lincoln. But the serpent entered Eden in the shape of President Seward, elected in 1864. The first step of the new ruler was to offer increased inducements to immigrants, who, "being mostly low and ignorant," naturally reinforced the Abolitionists. Everybody connected with John Brown got a place, more particularly "the notorious Helper," who "was made one of the new Receivers of the Land Office." General Fremont became commander-in-chief; "the rabid abolitionist, Joshua Giddings," was appropriately despatched to Hayti—the Government of which state returned the compliment by sending the Duke of Marmalade to Washington. Traffic on the "underground

railway" increased notably; and slavery disappeared altogether from the District of Columbia. The naval and military forces were augmented; six Northern States were divided for the purpose of manufacturing new senators: President Seward was re-elected; and the Gulf States seceded, electing Mr. M. of South Carolina (Memminger, we presume) President, and Mr. C. of Alabama (whom we fail to identify) Vice-President.

Viewed by the light of actual events, the military anticipations of our Southerner seem the perfection of comicality. Operations commence by the capture of Fort Sumter—not a very difficult operation, inasmuch as the garrison consists of "one old sergeant." Fort Moultrie is next blockaded, and in due course reduced to submission, though not before the seceders have had time to achieve a great moral triumph by unanimously repudiating their debts. In consequence whereof, before the war had lasted three months, "as many as one-fourth of all the usually laboring and self-supporting poor of the great northern cities, and throughout the manufacturing rural districts, were paupers and beggars." This being the case, it seems surprising that the Northern Government could not collect more than seven thousand men for the invasion of the South. After the destruction of this force by the brave General S., the rest of the Slave States secede, Washington is taken and made the seat of Government, a Federal army is demolished in Mississippi, the Confederates win a naval battle, and their wicked enemies are reduced to their last resort of exciting a servile insurrection. Need it be said that this also results in failure, or that "the prisoners were all hung as soon as a gallows could be erected"—among them "the notorious abolition-leader and apostle of insurrection and massacre, William L. Garrison, and with him seven negro and nine white public lecturers on slavery and

abolition?" Another invasion, under a son of John Brown, is similarly discomfited, notwithstanding the ingenious stratagem of the commander, who, "because of the manifest selection of the whites as marks for the Kentucky rifles," had ordered "that every white should blacken his face—and had himself set the example." After the execution of this tactician and his officers—which the failure of the North to capture a single prisoner allowed to take place without any fear of reprisals—the Confederates had only to sit still and enjoy the spectacle of the total destruction of New York by the work-people—Boston and Philadelphia escaping with a slight singeing, as it were. After this it is hardly necessary to add that the North-Western States conclude a separate peace, that the European powers refuse to acknowledge the ineffective blockade, and that the curtain drops upon Secession at the threshold of her millennium, and the Free States considering how best to get rid of "the predaceous and troublesome New England States, with their pestilent fanaticism," and their "political and economical position scarcely superior to those conditions of the present Republic of Hayti."

All this seems sufficiently ludicrous; but, before joining in a laugh at our Southerner's expense, it may be as well to consider how far we can afford to do so. Have we, as a nation, given evidence of a much more enlightened appreciation of the contest, the principles it involves, its probable duration and issue? Have not the determination and resources of the Free States proved as great a surprise to most of us as to this unlucky Virginian vaticinator? Has not our policy been shaped by the conviction that the termination of the struggle might be looked for from one week to another? And has not this delusion ruined our most important branch of industry by paralyzing every rational effort for its relief?

From The Saturday Review.

HEIR HUNTING.

The sufferings which people who have anything that can be dunned out of them by importunity are condemned to undergo at the hands of those who are impudent enough to dun them, have long been the subject of general commiseration. The system of Competitive Examination is believed to owe its origin chiefly to the anxiety of statesmen to rid themselves of the intolerable throng of applicants who were gathered round them by the hopes of patronage. The Mendicity Society owes its existence to the absolute necessity of providing some protection against the swarm of beggars whom the merest rumor will draw round any man who has had the weakness to be guilty of an act of benevolence. It is said that a distinguished philanthropist, who has had the misfortune to make his name famous by an act of singular munificence, has been fairly driven into a foreign country by the levée of piteous cases that has taken to assembling round his street door. There are better-dressed beggars also, who do not beg less valiantly, though it is for other things. The great people who have the reputation of giving agreeable or splendid parties are severe sufferers from the imperturbable assurance with which those who are laboring up the lower rounds of the fashionable ladder petition for a card. But of all the sufferers of this kind, there is no set of people so deserving of pity as elder sons. The mendicants by whom they are beset are not of the outcast class, who can be got rid of by an appeal to a police magistrate or a mendicity officer; nor is the favor for which they are importuned a very small matter. Turbanned dowagers, of awful presence and remorseless tongues, laden with unmarketable daughters, and with the word "Intentions" trembling on their lips, are the lazzaroni by whom their footsteps are dogged; and, like their Neapolitan prototypes, these persecutors are always ready to turn to and abuse their victim if he refuses them the trifling dole of title and estates for which they are asking.

Happily for themselves, the hunted animals in question are comparatively rare. London ball-rooms and country-houses are the spots in which their persecutors generally find them; but, like the Alpine chamois, excessive hunting has made them scarce in their ancient haunts. They survive, however, in

sufficient numbers to enable a careful observer to watch their habits in every stage of their troubled existence. The change that comes over them in the course of it is both striking and melancholy. The length of time during which any one of them has been the object for which some dowager has spread her toils may in general be inferred from the extent of timidity and caution he displays. On his first entrance into society, the elder son is cheerful, conversable, and trustful in his manner. He betrays no consciousness that his every gesture is watched, or that every phrase that falls from him is carefully analyzed, to find whether a latent or embryo proposal can be detected in its composition. He does not even know his enemies as yet. He will talk and laugh with a dowager, and listen to her compliments, and accept her invitations, and will speak of her to his friends as though she were nothing else to him but a rather ugly old woman, with a large development of skirt and head-dress. But the great sign that an elder son is still enjoying the bliss of youthful ignorance is the ease and composure with which he practises the manly accomplishment of flirting. He will plunge into a family of maiden daughters, if pheasants should lead him there, without a tinge of fear. He will sit by a young lady at dinner, if chance should thrust him into such a position, and his appetite will never be blunted by a thought upon the dangers that surround him. Nay, he will devote himself to her all the evening, will bank with her at the round game, and turn over her leaves at the pianoforte; and at the end of it all, he will hand a candle to her mother, without a suspicion that those maternal eyes are already glancing at him that question about "Intentions" which in a few days will send him a scared and breathless fugitive from the hall-door. Very different is the bearing of the elder son who has learnt wisdom in the bitter school of experience. He no longer ventures willingly into danger. After a score of hairbreadth escapes, like the partridges in November, he is decidedly wild. He is mentally scarred all over with the wounds he has received. Good-natured friends have confided to him more than once that Lady So-and-So is saying all over London that "he has behaved infamously;" and his manner shows that he is no longer insensible to the constructions which may be placed on the ordinary politenesses which are only

practised with impunity by younger sons. Something of his former self still remains to him as long as only married women are in the room. He speaks and laughs at his ease, sits down wherever inclined, and does not shrink even from a *tête-à-tête*. But the moment the form of a marriageable female darkens the doorway, a cloud comes over him. If he can, he flees from the open plain by the fire, and hides himself in distant corners or behind impregnable writing tables. If he cannot make his escape to a place of security, he throws himself upon the defensive by making hard love to the nearest married lady, or by taking a sudden but absorbing interest in the agricultural prospects of a country neighbor. Sometimes hard fate forces him to sit through a whole meal next to the object of his terrors, and then it is very pretty to watch his coy and maidenly embarrassment. He is evidently puzzling himself the whole time how to draw the narrow imperceptible line which, in the case of elder sons, separates rudeness from love-making. He is calculating how many observations upon the weather it will be safe to make, and whether he can dare to desert that innocent subject of criticism without exposing himself to the risk of being supposed to have "behaved infamously" six months hence. His manner becomes very like that of a witness who has been put forward to prove an alibi, and is undergoing a severe cross-examination. At last, of course, he attains to a wonderful dexterity in the use of a glacial politeness, in which nothing matrimonial can be scented even by the keenest dowager nose. It is not all elder sons, however, who attain to this conversational agility. Many are taken in the process of learning how to elude their pursuers. In spite of all his care, many a one finds himself at last undergoing that dreaded interview in which the dexterous dowager drives in her last harpoon, by telling him in a broken voice, from behind her pocket-handkerchief, that she fears her dear daughter's peace of mind is gone forever. Conscious of their weakness, the elder sons seldom run too close to danger. They prefer to flock together out of its reach. Just as a shoal of herrings indicates the neighborhood of a dog-fish, and as the terror among the small birds betrays the presence of a hawk in the air above, so if you see a number of elder sons congregated at one end of a break-

fast or luncheon table you may be quite sure there is a young lady at the other.

After a time, this phase, too, in the elder son's career passes away. The dowagers whose toils he has constantly eluded give him up in despair at last. He is beyond the age when he can be expected to believe in the fracture of a young lady's peace of mind; and it is of no use asking for intentions when there are no intentions forthcoming. Nothing remains of his many hazards and narrow deliverances, but a quarrel with two or three families to whom he is supposed to have behaved infamously. He has not resumed, however, the unsuspecting gaiety of youth. He has acquired a precautionary habit of sheering off at the approach of a young lady, to which he probably adheres. He has also contracted a practice of keeping his hands in his pockets, which has attracted the observation of the naturalists by whom the species has been studied. The reason is supposed by many to be analogous to that which induces the Persians who live in disturbed districts to cut their beards short, in order that their adversaries may have nothing to take hold of. This explanation, however, requires to be verified. It is needless to say that, in this advanced stage of elder-sonship, he does not dream of marriage. To propose it to him would be like proposing amalgamation to Federals and Confederates, or to Poles and Russians. A long course of social hardships and privations has made such an idea abhorrent to him. The results—at least those results which we can examine without lifting up the veil of our decorous social system—are curious enough, not only with respect to the elder sons, strictly so called, but with respect to all who are in any degree worth being hunted down. Refined female society they will, as a rule, have, though they cannot have it in the conversation of young ladies, the greater number of whom are brought up to look on them with a purely commercial eye. The demand from such a quarter is pretty sure to create a supply; and as the young unmarried ladies are shut out by the manœuvres of their mothers, it must be furnished by those who have removed that disqualification. Snake-charming is a perilous amusement except with snakes whose fangs are drawn. The arrangement is, no doubt, a very pleasant one for the young men. Married women are in themselves more prac-

tised, and, therefore, more agreeable talkers than young ladies: and even if they were not, a friendship which does not lead up to a question about intentions is necessarily a very much pleasanter and more comfortable kind of intimacy than one that does. But it is not to be expected that the prevalence of such a state of things should be free from consequences of a more serious kind upon the morality and the repute of the classes among

whom it exists. For the present the game appears to go on merrily. Skating on thin ice is a delightful amusement until the ice breaks—and, perhaps, for some time after. But if the pastime should result in extensive scandal, no small share of the blame will belong to the dowager-system, and especially to the vigorous practitioners who have pushed it to such a length in our day.

THE NILE.—Deeper in human interest than the reported discovery of the source of the White Nile, the geographical secret of many ages, by Messrs. Speke and Grant, is the intelligence from Egypt that Mr. Petherick is not dead, as late news from that country represented him to be. He is alive and well, at Gondocoro. We now know that all the gallant men whom we have sent out into the great African desert, to extend the bounds of knowledge—Baker, Petherick, Grant, and Speke—have, so far, escaped the fate which has followed so many of our noblest explorers in every part of the world—Franklin, Leichardt, Burke, and many others—over whose graves we have had to write the glories of discovery. In gratitude for their safety, we can tell the story of their trials, and reckon up the gains of science. Our conjecture, made on the 9th of May, that Mr. Baker must have fallen in with Messrs. Grant and Speke on the upper waters of the White Nile, and rendered them important aid, turns out to have been correct. This adventurous traveller was the first European whom they met on their descent from the tropics; and from him they obtained aid in money, stores, and boats. To him they communicated their discovery that the Bahr el Abiad, the main stream of the White Nile, has its source in the Victoria-Nyanza lake; information which induced him to turn his face in another direction, towards the south-east, in search of another inland lake, which is supposed to feed a second branch of the White Nile. He will be lost to us for a year; though the public need not doubt that he will, in due time, turn up again. Lower down the stream they fell in with Consul Petherick and his gallant wife. The news which Captains Speke and Grant bring to London will excite attention in every city of the civilized globe. The source of the Nile was a puzzle in the time of Moses, and long before the time of Moses. The enigma is suggested on the most ancient monuments of Egypt; it excited the curiosity of Rameses and Sesostris; confounded the wisdom of the Ptolemies; won attention during the Roman occupation; amused the leisure of the Schoolmen; tantalized the Portuguese Jesuits in the sixteenth century; engaged the adventurous spirit of Bruce; aroused the wonder, and baffled the researches of Mohammed Ali; and defied the zeal, the ability, and endurance of our

old correspondents, the Brothers D'Abbadie. At length, the mystery is solved; and the source of the Nile is found, by a couple of Englishmen, to be a lake about four degrees south of the Equator, very near the position which, Dr. Beke, so long ago as 1846, assigned to it theoretically. It is curious that the fact has been discovered not by following the waters of the river upwards from its mouth, the natural course of discovery, but by descending upon it from above.—*Athenæum*.

MESSRS. BACON AND Co. have published some interesting engravings of the Northern and Southern American statesmen and generals. Of course, the series contains General Washington, who, like the British king here, is an immortal institution in America, but whether as being a Virginian he is to be considered Southern, or as being eager for the Union, Northern, we do not know. The most striking head by far is that of the Confederate President Jefferson Davis, whose perfectly calm and commanding face expresses more power of self-denial, more rest in its own strength, though not a more clear-cut purpose than even his public acts would enable us to expect. There is power of intrigue in it rather than the love of intrigue, but endless and unscrupulous ambition. General Jackson's face is disappointing; it is rather young, fat, and encumbered with padding in the lower part, and altogether gives the idea of a character that has not burnt itself clear, the fuel smothering the fire. General Lee's is, probably, not a good likeness, as it is a common-form military face. Of the Northern Generals' likenesses, General Hooker's has far the most character and ability; General Burnside's forehead has run to seed, and General Scott's head looks simply thick. The head of General Banks has power and honesty; General McClellan's is that of an earnest youth anxious to learn.—*Spectator*.

AN artificial slate, for use in schools, etc., is spoken of as invented by a Mr. J. N. Pierce. Almost any material may be coated with this slate, as with a wash, and then written or drawn on. The wash may be put on paper or linen, which may be rolled up.

From The Reader.

MISS POWER'S "ARABIAN DAYS AND NIGHTS"

Arabian Days and Nights; or, Rays from the East. By Marguerite A. Power. (Sampson Low & Co.)

FROM Lulu, the monkey—who ate the greater part of a composition-candle, a pot of pomatum, a quantity of tooth-powder, and the remains of an unfinished dose of rhubarb, all without the slightest inconvenience—up to the coarse, easy-going pasha who lets his favorites supply him with sham kid gloves at £5 a dozen, and £700 mirrors at £10,000 each, all Miss Power's characters are sketched with a firm clear hand that does great credit to the artist. There the hot-headed little horses, dirty lazy fellahs, fat prize-pig-like matrons, udder-guarded goats, sore-eyed children, etc., etc., clearly struggle, crouch, squat, browse, and beg under the glorious Egyptian sun and sky, or in the mysterious harem, as scene after scene passes before the reader's eye, with unwearied interest to him though he may have read dozens of books of Eastern travel before. And yet, though the picture glows with the warm light of that Eastern sun, and the memories of those old Arabian Nights that rejoiced our youth, the impression left by Miss Power's book is a sad one. For, with the instinct of her race, she has tried to get at the facts of the daily life of the people among whom she sojourned; and these facts prove not cheering ones, specially those concerning the women, as well Levantine and Turk as Arab. Leaving the many other topics of interest in the book, we propose to extract an account of the feminine inhabitants of the land. Introduced by her friend Mrs. Ross, who has settled at Alexandria, our authoress goes to a *fête* at this town, where she sees the fat Levantine belles and their fatter once-belle chaperones. One of the latter she sketches thus:—

"She can hardly be forty, and her smooth face yet bears traces of considerable comeliness. But the bright dark eyes are imbedded, the nose is sunk, the smiling mouth is buried in swelling flesh; of neck there is no symptom; the head rests behind on a *hump* of fat, in front on a protuberance like the crop of a pouter pigeon. . . . Yet she does not seem to mind it; there she sits, smiling benignly, the picture of serene contentment."

These fatties have a special preference for

French or English husbands; and the reply to the question "Do such matches answer?" is—

"*Cela dépend*: if the man wants a doll to play with; a child who can barely read or write, and never does either if she can help it; who talks nonsense in three or four languages; who is not without a talent for cookery, and who dotes upon dress—for which she has *not* a talent—he may get on well enough with her. Unfortunately, in a very few years there comes to be so very much of her!"

At Cairo Miss Power and her friends are asked to a Turkish wedding, that is, betrothment. The bridegroom is a boy of fourteen, son of the late Selim Pacha Titurigi; and his tutor gives him a week's holiday to get married in. The bride is sixteen, a woman in body though not in mind, and her chief duty seems to be to sit on a table and be looked at. The visitors are received by a set of ladies—of all colors, from black to fair, few young, and fewer still good-looking, a few handsomely attired, others mere bundles of old clothes—of whom one quietly takes off Mrs. Ross's pretty bracelet and asks her to make her a present of it. Pipes and chat go on from five till twilight, and then they are led into the presence of—

"what appeared to me at the first glance some glittering image or idol, seated in the corner of the room on a high triangular divan of state, covered with crimson satin embroidered in gold. This was the bride. Round her neck was a gorgeous necklace of pearls, emeralds, and diamonds, and, strange to say, on her chin, and on either cheek, diamonds were stuck in little clusters—I suppose with some paste or gum."

For an hour and a half the poor bride sits to be stared at, taking no notice of any one. Afterwards, leaving the bride, they adjourn to dinner; a slave tears off strips from a Turkey's breast for them, and numerous nondescript dishes are tasted. A determined-looking dame takes possession of Miss Power's locket-bracelet, and asks her for a lock of her hair to put in it and keep for a keepsake and tender *souvenir* of her! At last comes a message from Mr. Ross that it is time to go, and the ladies depart. Setting aside the Turkish woman's fancy for their visitors' bracelets, Miss Power says:—

"The manners of these women are precisely those of children; children who lived

a life of perpetual idleness, who were for the most part considerably bored thereby, and who were pleased and amused to get hold of anything in the way of novelty, and disposed to be kind and courteous to the strangers who brought them a new sensation."

Of course the blame for their present position is laid on their shoulders—as here, too, the weak are always blamed for the faults of the strong; and—

"Halim Pacha, brother to the Viceroy, said to a friend of mine, 'Some of our women complain that we care little for them individually, and ask why European husbands are content with one wife, to whom they can be fond and faithful. But how is it possible for us to attach ourselves seriously to one of our women? They have nothing to win respect and regard; they know nothing, they do nothing, they understand nothing, they think of nothing; they are mere children, utterly foolish, ignorant, and uncompanionable; we cannot love them in your sense of the word.' True, O Pasha! but whose fault is it?"

Of the Arab women our authoress sees only the outward ways: they are only fellah-ahs, fellahs' or working men's wives, and "about as ugly a set of women, looking only at their faces, as I was ever among." But their general bearing is highly graceful, their make slender, and they are seen to perfection when carrying their large water-pots, or *goullas*, on their heads. They seem, however, to be greatly in want of that famous tract of the Ladies' Sanitary Association, "How to Manage Baby," for "the children are generally very ugly and dirty, with lean limbs and great stomachs, and they seldom escape ophthalmia, which not unfrequently causes the loss of at least one eye. You may often see them wrapped in a few rags lying on the wet ground outside the mud hut, while the woman is engaged in washing, cooking, or winnowing beans or barley, all of which operations she performs squatted on the earth. She never either sits or stands at any employment." But though the sad condition of

women in the East, and the dread "indolence, indifference, immutability fatalism—those great curses that lie on the heads of all, and never, never will be shaken off"—are fully brought out in Miss Power's book, yet the variety of beings and topics treated in it, and its admirable style, render it one of the most interesting books we have seen for a long time. We have Cairo with "the sense it gives of a new phase of life, of totally new sensations, of vastness, of immutableness, of the past and present blended into one, of the 'thousand years as one day, the one day as a thousand years;'" Buckle, the most brilliant, inexhaustible, and versatile of talkers; whirling dervishes in their maddened rocking; the English travelling-snobs, Brown and Brownness; the hero Outram; the Italian assassins in Alexandria; Turkish dealers; flame-winged flamingoes; gorgeous point-setias; trees of roses; convulvi vast in size, divine in color; camels, dromedaries, lions, Jews, and giraffes; a princess always smoking; her adopted daughter in a pink satin tunic and a cage; the Prince of Wales; lovely-eyed Maltese girls, etc., etc., etc.; and, at last, the hurry of Paris, and the cold, plashy streets of London. Certainly our fogs and mud are not a pleasant change from a scene like this:—

"The brilliancy and clearness of the atmosphere are beyond all description, particularly of an evening, just before the brief twilight veils the world. Often as we returned from our drive, about half-past five or six o'clock, I used to gaze in rapture on the sight presented to us. Unspeakably clear and distinct lies the outline of the low sand ridges, dark against a 'daffodil sky,' varying into rose, blue, and pale lilac; black, and still, and sharp, as though cut in metal, stand up the bare stems and plumed summits of the palms on a background of burning gold, like the heads of saints in the old Byzantine pictures; and presently, out of the dark blue above, grows into brilliance a glittering crescent, with one large diamond of a star. All the East is in that picture (p. 86). F.

From The Spectator.

MISS KEMBLE'S "GEORGIA."*

THERE is but one argument for slavery which is openly produced in England, and that is something like this; slavery is, after all, but a name; in every country the laborer is subjected to the power of the capitalist, and the compulsion of hunger, if not more severe, is more regular and persistent than the compulsion of physical pain. For the rest, slavery as a form of labor has large compensations, the workman being saved from anxiety, from the dread of starvation, and from the terror of an old age of poverty and want. Except for the immutability of his condition, an incident accompanying free labor everywhere except in the United States and a small section of Europe, the slave is as well off as the unskilled white artisan.

We would recommend all to whom this line of argument seems effective to read a series of letters just published by Messrs. Longman. They were written in 1838, by Miss F. A. Kemble, then the English wife of a planter in Georgia, whose estate on the island of Darien is now occupied by the Federal troops, and were not originally intended for publication. The wife of a planter of strong Southern opinions, living on the profits of the system, and not moved apparently by any strong religious ideas, Miss Kemble had singular opportunities for unprejudiced observation, and the result is a condemnation of slavery more severe than any in which professed philanthropists would venture to indulge. It is a system based upon human misery and degradation, having no end save the owner's profit, no bulwark except incessant terror. Miss Kemble, it will be remembered, was on a well-managed plantation, held by merciful owners, where punishment, by a rule of the estate, was strictly limited, and where the head man was himself a grave, intelligent negro. On this property she found the negroes lodged in wretched huts, with one room twelve feet square and two little side cabins like those of a ship. Two families, sometimes eight or ten in number, lived in each, sleeping on mattresses of strewn forest moss, and covered with a "pestilential" blanket. Each house had a little garden, "usually untended and uncultivated," and the inmates and swarming children were all

* *Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation.*
By F. A. Kemble. Longmans.

alike crusted with dirt, covered with vermin, and stinking from the absence of any habit of bathing. The infirmary was a long building of two stories, crowded with women who lay under every extremity of suffering, wrapped in dirty blankets, on the bare floor, and shivering with the cold. It was the women to whom Miss Kemble chiefly attended; among them the forms of suffering were manifold and terrible, for besides every kind of pain to which free laborers are liable, there is one peculiar to the slave women, and of which Miss Kemble's book is full till it is sickening to read. Slave-breeding pays well, and, as a consequence, the women, transferred to one "husband" after another, and at the mercy of every overseer—headman Frank's wife was quietly taken away while the authoress was there, kept a year by the overseer, and then returned—perish of childbearing. The women are stimulated by the pride of being valuable to the estate, and wretched creatures worn out with labor still exultingly told their mistress that they would yield "plenty of little nigs for massa." They have frequently ten or eleven children, are flogged when pregnant, and three weeks after confinement driven back to work in the cotton field. The consequence is an illness not often mentioned out of a medical journal, pain in the back, and every conceivable form of uterine disease. The one petition of these poor women was for a longer period of rest, and they were flogged for petitioning, flogged, as a pretty young negress herself told the story:—

"She had not finished her task one day, when she said she felt ill, and unable to do so, and had been severely flogged by driver Bran, in whose 'gang' she then was. The next day, in spite of this encouragement to labor, she had again been unable to complete her appointed work; and Bran having told her that he'd tie her up and flog her if she did not get it done, she had left the field and run into the swamp. 'Tie you up, Louisa!' said I, 'what is that?' She then described to me that they were fastened up by their wrists to a beam or branch of a tree, their feet barely touching the ground, so as to allow them no purchase for resistance or evasion of the lash, their clothes turned over their heads, and their backs scored with a leather thong, either by the driver himself, or if he pleases to inflict their punishment by deputy, any of the men he may choose to summon to the office; it might be father, brother, husband,

or lover, if the overseer so ordered it. I turned sick, and my blood curdled listening to these details from the slender young slip of a lassie, with her poor piteous face and murmuring pleading voice."

The rule is relentlessly enforced, the overseers pleading, what is probably the truth, that if any excuses were accepted there would be no end to the contrivances to obtain the much desired rest.

"Among others, a poor woman called Mile, who could hardly stand for pain and swelling in her limbs; she had had fifteen children and two miscarriages; nine of her children had died; for the last three years she had become almost a cripple with chronic rheumatism, yet she is driven every day to work in the field. She held my hands and stroked them in the most appealing way, while she exclaimed, 'O my missis! my missis! me neber sleep till day for de pain,' and with the day her labor must again be resumed. I gave her flannel and sal volatile to rub her poor swelled limbs with; rest I could not give her—rest from her labor and pain—this mother of fifteen children."

This eternal labor was supported on two meals of hominy a day, one of them eaten after six hours of hungering labor, a practice, however, we are bound to add, which is not intended as an aggravation of cruelty. Though extremely injurious, it is almost universal among the free agriculturists of Bengal, the motive being economy. An early breakfast followed by hard labor "goes for nothing," and the plowman, unless he eats after his first spell of toil, would be compelled to eat like an Englishman three times a day.

But it will be urged, in what does this state of affairs differ from that common among the proletariat of every country? In all there are classes who are overworked, whose wives are forced to field labor, who live in filth and misery, and who die early, worn out by toil and childbearing. That is true, though not to the same dreadful degree, the terror of the lash being extinct, for instance, in the two countries, Ireland and Belgium, in which there is the greatest amount of physical suffering. But the special aggravation in Georgia is that this condition is permanent, that there is a deliberate intention not to allow the slave to better herself, or, if possible, to obtain the intelligence to wish for a higher position. Miss Kemble found that the laws against teaching slaves to

read were strictly enforced; she was told by her own overseer that her mere presence among the slaves was full of danger to the institution; her husband forbade her to present petitions, and she was finally compelled to leave the South utterly unable to endure the sense of her own powerlessness. And this is an inevitable incident of slavery, and prohibits even the influence of voluntary benevolence from above. Suppose, for example, a slaveowner, full of intelligence and courage, chose to rely on the military force which is always in practice behind him, and treat his slaves as the Roman patrician did, i.e., retain his despotic power, but cultivate every man to the limit of his ability, making one a scholar like *Æsop*, another a physician such as *St. Luke* probably was, a third an armed athlete, such as every slave gladiator must have been. The system under the pressure of modern ideas would collapse in a twelvemonth, and the planters, well aware of the fact, intercept the danger at the beginning by making intelligence a crime. The slave can never improve, for he can never learn. Thrift is valueless, for he can hold no property. Carefulness is waste of thought, for losses are not his. Industry is hateful, for why do more than is necessary to avoid the lash? Even native brain-power is dangerous, for the able are always an irritation to absolute masters, who require, as the Emperor *Francis* said, obedient subjects, not professors. Moreover, the most wretched peasant in Belgium, whose life passes in toil for bare subsistence, whose wife helps to draw the plow, and whose children begin ditching at ten, has, at least, some alleviations. He can have a home, sympathy from his wife, love from his children, excitement from village gossip, consolation from the assured hope that his condition in the next world will compensate him for his sufferings in this. How does it stand with the slave?

"She was the wife of headman *Frank*, the most intelligent and trustworthy of Mr.——'s slaves; the head driver—second in command to the overseer, and, indeed, second to none during the pestilential season, when the rice swamps cannot with impunity be inhabited by any white man, and when, therefore, the whole force employed in its cultivation on the island remains entirely under his authority and control. His wife—a tidy, trim, intelligent woman, with a pretty figure, but a decidedly negro face—was taken from him by

the overseer left in charge of the plantation by the Messrs. —, the all-efficient and all-satisfactory Mr. K—, and she had a son by him, whose straight features and diluted color, no less than his troublesome, discontented, and insubmissive disposition, bear witness to his Yankee descent. I do not know how long Mr. K—'s occupation of Frank's wife continued, or how the latter endured the wrong done to him. When I visited the island, Betty was again living with her husband—a grave, sad, thoughtful-looking man, whose admirable moral and mental qualities were extolled to me by no worse a judge of such matters than Mr. K— himself, during the few days he spent with Mr. —, while we were on the plantation. This outrage upon this man's rights was perfectly notorious among all the slaves."

The same overseer, the instant there was any dispute between husband and wife, used to separate and remarry them to other slaves, celibacy for any period being unprofitable to the owner. The children die horribly fast, faster even than among the outcasts of London; and as for religion, the most successful overseers are utterly opposed to any mode of religious teaching. On this plantation a slave was allowed to preach; but the creed which teaches that all men are brothers is a dangerous one for a slave plantation. To make the system consistent the planters should be Mahomedans, but then every slave who turned Mahomedan would be free, every woman who had borne a child to her owner, every child of a white man, and every slave endangered by violence in life or limb, and so the plantation would be depopulated. As a rule, according to our authoress, the negro is brutishly ignorant, the women unable even to tell their children's ages; the men unable to do anything, except the work to which they are flogged. The "system," wholly apart from its merits or demerits on moral grounds, establishes barbarism as the condition of the laboring class, and consequently cripples society at its base.

We have one more extract to make—a tes-

timony to the condition of the mean whites on the pine lands, the class whose existence is so stoutly denied by men familiar only with Maryland and Virginia.

"I speak now of the scattered white population who, too poor to possess land or slaves, and having no means of living in towns, squat (most appropriately it is so termed) either on other men's land or Government districts—always here swamp or pine barren—and claim masterdom over the place they invade, till ejected by the rightful proprietors. These wretched creatures will not, for they are whites (and labor belongs to blacks and slaves alone here), labor for their own subsistence. They are hardly protected from the weather by the rude shelters they frame for themselves in the midst of these dreary woods. Their food is chiefly supplied by shooting the wild fowl and venison, and stealing from the cultivated patches of the plantations nearest at hand. Their clothes hang about them in filthy tatters, and the combined squalor and fierceness of their appearance are really frightful."

"These are the so-called pine-landers of Georgia, I suppose the most degraded race of human beings claiming an Anglo-Saxon origin that can be found on the face of the earth,—filthy, lazy, ignorant, brutal, proud, penniless savages, without one of the nobler attributes which have been found occasionally allied to the vices of savage nature. They own no slaves, for they are almost without exception abjectly poor; they will not work, for that, as they conceive, would reduce them to an equality with the abhorred negroes; they squat, and steal, and starve, on the outskirts of this lowest of all civilized societies, and their countenances bear witness to the squalor of their condition and the utter degradation of their natures. To the crime of slavery, though they have no profitable part or lot in it, they are fiercely accessory, because it is the barrier that divides the black and white races, at the foot of which they lie wallowing in unspeakable degradation, but immensely proud of the base freedom which still separates them from the lash-driven tillers of the soil."

From Fraser's Magazine.

FALSE GROUND AND FIRM.

Ich habe gelebt und liebt.

SOMEWHERE in the county of Wiltshire is a pleasant sunny piece of down, embroidered with cowslips, gilded with patches of gorse, and offering here and there the pleasant shelter of a small tangled copse, or a clump of young beech-trees. In these trees and copses the blackbirds pipe their nest-music, and the nightingales make the air ring and bubble with the delicious caprices of their May madness. On one side, the down is bounded by a farm-road, which, as it nears a mansion below, assumes a statelier aspect, and becomes a fine beech-avenue; on the other it forms a wall of considerable height and steepness to the pretty little valley which nestles at its base, its emerald floor mapped out into blue-veined water-meadows, and its low, gray church-tower, and ivy-gabled rectory, and deep cottage roofs, huddling all together in one corner under the protection of some old rook-haunted elms.

Down in this little valley lived, at the time my story begins, a fair young foreigner, governess to the rector's children; and up in the clump on the downs above was a young beech-tree, whose smooth stem bore, in clear and well-cut characters, the un-English name of "Ottilia." It was not often that the secluded and somewhat uncultured spot which I have described was honored by a visit from the lord of the domain in which it was included; he preferred to it a tour through his orchard-houses, or a constitutional turn on the broad, smooth, gravelled terrace of the kitchen-garden; or, still more, a drive in his wife's brougham, and a gossip with such stray country gentlemen as he was lucky enough to meet in the neighboring market-town. But on the day which witnessed the inscription of the pretty foreign name, it did happen to come into his head that he would step up to the downs and see "how the young trees were coming on;" and in the process of this inspection he came upon his son, a young gentleman at present waiting at home for his commission, just as he was engaged in giving the final scoop to the tail of the last "a" in "Ottilia."

"What are you about there, Augustus, hacking away at the young trees, and killing them?" said Mr. Bryant, somewhat testily: "cannot you find anything better to do this

morning?" Some rather heavy bills from the tobacco-nist and tailor which had come in at breakfast, had disposed him to be somewhat captious towards this usually much-indulged son.

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all; I am doing no harm in the world," said Augustus, rather hastily, edging between the tree and his father: "I am only waiting for Wilcox and his ferrets. By the by, have you seen what work the rabbits have made of the young barley? We shall have Farmer Jarret grumbling at a fine rate presently." And with diplomatic address he walked his father on through the little wood to the arable land outside; but here, unfortunately, at the sight of the steep sheep-path which led from the down into the vale, his prudence or his fear forsook him—sooth to say, the tree and his late occupation upon it had entirely gone out of his head—and saying he must see what fly was on the water, he started at a dangerous pace down the slippery steep, leaving his father to take his homeward way alone. Mr. Bryant also had for the moment forgotten the piece of mischief on which he had found his son engaged, but as, in his return, he came up to the tree, the "Ottilia" was so conspicuous, and stared him so uncompromisingly in the face, that he could not fail to observe it. He stopped, surveyed it grimly, and calling to mind, what he had once heard without paying any attention, that a pretty German governess was in the immediate neighborhood, he hastened homewards to impart the suspicions which had dawned on his mind to Mrs. Bryant.

This lady was on the alert immediately. She had met with better opportunities than her husband of noticing the unusual charms of Fraulein Berthal, but had prudently held her tongue concerning them, fondly flattering herself meantime that they had been undiscovered by her son since his return from his private tutor's. Here, however, was proof too evident that they had not only been discovered, but sufficiently dwelt upon to produce the immemorial lover-like custom of this inscription. Full of lofty indignation and energy she instantly set off for the parsonage "to have the whole matter out" with Mrs. Mowbray.

Poor, meek, little Mrs. Mowbray, anxious to clear her governess, whom she liked, and to palliate the wrath of Mrs. Bryant, whom

she feared, "hoped," and "was sure," and "was sorry," and "did not think there was anything such as Mrs. Bryant supposed;" but her assertions and denials were all the time much weakened by an uneasy remembrance, called up by Mrs. Bryant's words, of the frequent mention made by her children, on their return from their walks, of Augustus Bryant; how he had found a bird's nest, or hit a squirrel, or started them on their races on the downs; she recalled to mind also that the visits of that gentleman and his rod had of late been far more frequent than formerly on the river-bank opposite the rectory garden.

Mrs. Bryant was not to be put off with faint denials or suppositions; she desired that Mrs. Mowbray would question her children as to the frequency of their meeting with her son, and the behavior of their governess when these meetings took place. "Of course, Mrs. Mowbray," she said, "you will see, with me, how absolutely necessary it is that any such designing and improper behavior, as it appears this young person has been guilty of, should be discovered and put a stop to immediately: it is not to be borne that a young man of the expectations and position of my son should be exposed to her low arts."

Poor Mrs. Mowbray would fain have declined this task of examining her children, but she was allowed no excuse; and that day, with faltering voice which she tried to make indifferent, and burning cheeks she asked her little ones if they had seen Augustus Bryant.

"Oh, yes, mamma, we see him every day, now! he nearly always comes and walks with us,"

"Oh, he walks with *you*, dears, does he?" said their mother, catching at a straw; "and what does he talk about?"

"Oh, he does not talk much to *us*: when we come to a dry place he sits down with Fraulein, and wont run any more, because, he says, he has sprained his ankle; and then we go and pick up snail-shells and make nosegays. Isn't it funny, mamma, that he always sprains his ankle just when we get up to the beechwood?"

Poor Mrs. Mowbray! she heard this with sinking heart, and her conscience obliged her to report all the information thus gained to Mrs. Bryant. The righteous wrath of that

lady knew no bounds; no terms of indignation were strong enough to reprobate the conduct of the "good-for-nothing girl;" while it was evidently expected that Mrs. Mowbray should be overwhelmed with shame, and contrition, and anguish of mind, for having been the primary cause of such machinations having been employed against the heart and fortune of the illustrious Augustus.

Mrs. Bryant was anxious to see the culprit, and deliver her mind in person; but here Mr. Mowbray was called into the council, and objected. It did not yet appear, he said, how far, if at all, Miss Berthal had consented to any over-frequent intercourse with Mr. Bryant; and she would be far more likely to speak frankly, and to confess the exact state of matters between them, in a quiet conversation with Mrs. Mowbray, than in an agitating and alarming interview with the mother of the young man himself.

Mrs. Bryant submitted with an ill grace; but Mr. Mowbray's quiet manner always exercised over her a repressing influence which she could not shake off; and she returned home, after flinging this Parthian dart: "Pray, dear Mrs. Mowbray, do not commit yourself to another governess till you have consulted me: it is so necessary, you see, to have a knowledge of the world, to judge of the character of this sort of people; and I have so many friends who apply to me: in a day or two I shall be able to recommend some one who will exactly suit you."

After indulging in a "good cry" in her own room, Mrs. Mowbray proceeded to the schoolroom, and, sending away the children, began questioning Miss Berthal in a confused, hesitating manner. It was unnecessary to say much: when she once understood Mrs. Mowbray's drift, the cheek of the young girl flushed deeply, then became very pale; and she answered with a peculiarly sweet voice, and great quiet: "It is true that I do meet Mr. Augustus, that I do talk with Mr. Augustus; I am the affianced of Mr. Augustus."

"The affianced!" gasped Mrs. Mowbray. "Oh, my dear Fraulein! what are you saying; what *do* you mean?"

"He loves me," said Ottilia, looking down, while a happy light overspread her fair face; "and so I do love him."

For a few moments Mrs. Mowbray sat in blank dismay at this cool statement, which went so far beyond her worst fears. Then

she began to pour out reproaches: "Oh, how could you! Oh, I could not have believed it, Fraulein! and to carry it all on so secretly, without a word to me!"

"Forgive me this, dear Madame; I wished to tell you, who have been to me as a mother; but ever he said to me: 'Not now, not now; tell no one till I shall have told my father.'"

"And when in the world did he mean to tell his father?"

"When he shall get his commission; then he will tell all in the adieu: and, he says, then his father who loves him tenderly, will say, 'Let it all be as you will.'"

"Augustus is a goose, or else he is taking you in: his father and mother will no more give their consent to his marrying *you* than old Kitty Jones. I beg your pardon, Fraulein; but I mean that, of all people in the world, those who have made their money by commerce, and are trying to take their place among the old families of the county, will be most particular as to their son's marriage. I know they have their eye on Lady Harriet Hardie."

"Augustus does not like Lady Harriet Hardie: he amuses himself at her grimaces, and he does not admire the yellow color of her hair."

"Oh, don't talk to me about Lady Harriet and her hair! how can you sit there, answering me so coolly, when you have got me into such a sea of troubles? and you suited me so exactly, and the children were getting on so well; and now I shall have to take some horrid old fright, like my last one, of Mrs. Bryant's recommending."

Now it was Ottilia's turn to look dismayed: her deep-blue eyes widened, and her lips trembled, and then she spoke slowly. "So I must leave you! you send me away from you! and for what? because I have received a true love from an honorable man!"

But this was inevitable; Mr. Mowbray himself saw and acknowledged it, even while he inwardly resented the arrogant dictation and selfishness of Mrs. Bryant. He had one long and explicit conversation with Ottilia, in which, without blaming her at all severely, he pointed out to her the danger, and even the questionable propriety, of an engagement with so young a man as Augustus Bryant: he endeavored to convince her of its utter hopelessness, and the expediency of rooting this "boy and girl love" from her mind as

soon as possible; and he pointed out to her that, in giving any further encouragement to the young man, she would be instigating him to rebel against the known wishes and the lawful authority of his father.

"I cannot forget him, and I wish not to forget him; but what matters it? I am going: no one need fear me longer." This was her answer to Mr. Mowbray. To his wife she would sometimes say, "But tell me, dear Madame, what have I done that you shake your head at me? I sought him not; but when he came and said, 'I love you, be my wife,' where was my duty to say, No?"

This unconsciousness of evil-doing which Mrs. Mowbray repeated to Mrs. Bryant as an extenuating circumstance, was but as fuel to the fire of her anger. Great had been the commotion at Woodbridge Hall, and stormy the scene between Augustus and his parents, when the fact of his actual engagement had been unwillingly reported by Mrs. Mowbray. Mr. Bryant had positively assured his son that he would take away every shilling of his present allowance, if he went again near the Parsonage while Miss Berthal remained there; and that if he dared in any manner to continue the intercourse after she had left, he would leave all his money to a hospital.

Mrs. Bryant had at last, by harsh persistence, gained her point of an interview with Ottilia; and had left her clutching the cushions, and pressing her forehead on the arm of the sofa, in an agony of neuralgic headache. She had at first attacked her with bitter invective, but this the young girl met with a composure and dignity which baffled her, and forced her to change her tactics; and it was by working on her conscience rather than her fears, that she induced her to make a promise—which, however, Mr. and Mrs. Mowbray's kinder remonstrances had already half won from her—that she would not speak again to Augustus before she left.

A promise once made Ottilia Berthal would keep, if it were to ruin her whole life. Many were the little notes which, during the following week, Augustus caused to reach her, imploring her to see him, if but for one moment. She always wrote back the same answer. "I have promised not, and you must obey your parents; but I will never forget you." During this week she never stirred out; but on the last evening, when the loud

dinner-bell at the hall had rung, and she knew that Augustus was safely engaged indoors, she hurriedly put on her bonnet, slipped out of the house, and sped up the narrow path into the beech clump on the down. There it was that he had first called her "Ottilia," and asked her if she loved him. There had they often sat in a delicious silence themselves, while the merry voices of the children made the air busy round them; thence had they looked forth together on the fair scene of wood and meadow, and he had whispered to her of the time when all this would be hers. He had never allowed a breath of despondency or a hint at any great difficulties in the way of their love. "You know they have not a chick or a child but me, and there is nothing I have not been able to get out of them, when I wished it, ever since I was born. Oh, I am quite sure it will all come as right as possible; perhaps a little grumble just at first, but I am used to that every time I have to ask for an extra five-pound note or so; I get it all the same, and so you shall see it will be now."

Young and trusting, ignorant alike of English habits and the character of those on whom her fate depended, Ottilia had listened to these hopeful words from the beloved lips; had believed them, and had lived on from day to day in a dream of uninquiring, unfeeling, passive happiness, leaving all that concerned her ultimate destiny in the hands of this boy, who was to her adoring eyes the ideal of all manly strength as well as grace.

And now she stood in the sun-dappled clump, recalling every tone of his voice, every look of his eye, every tender word which he had uttered in this very spot. She threw herself on the ground, and kissed the moss on which they had sat; there were twigs lying about which she remembered to have seen him twist and break while they were talking; she caught them up, and pressed them passionately to her lips, and hid them in her breast.

"August, mein Liebling, August, mein Liebling, nimmernmehr, ach! nimmernmehr! Leb' wohl, mein Geliebter!"

So she exclaimed aloud amid her sobs; for the first check, the first breath of adversity to young love brings despair, and absence seems to it as death. In this outpouring of her grief she forgot how time was passing, and she was suddenly roused by a quick footstep close to

her, and in another instant an arm was thrown tightly round her, and Augustus was stooping at her side.

"I have caught you at last, oh, you cruel girl! how could you treat me so, all this week? You have driven me nearly crazy."

The first wild thrill of joy in Ottilia's breast was succeeded by a pang of conscience. "Oh, I have promised," she cried; "August, dear one, leave me. I have said I would speak to you no more. Oh, pray go from me!"

"I shall do no such thing; what business have you to make such a promise, I should like to know, or who has dared to ask it?"

"It was your mother. Oh, you must not disobey your parents, it would be sin; it was not sin till they spoke, but now you must think of me no more."

"Think of you no more! I shall think of you every moment of the day, and every hour of my life, I can tell them that. I love you a thousand times more, my darling, since they have set themselves against you in this shameful way. And what I have been wanting to get at you for all these days, is to ask you to go off with me."

"Go off! how?"

"Why—to run away with me, to be sure; to go somewhere where we can get married, and then snap our fingers at them all. I have got all the plan settled, dearest, about the money, and the carriage, and the place, and all; you just drop out and be on the Netton side of the bridge to-night, at nine o'clock, and I'll have a fly waiting, and you shall be my own wife before twenty-four hours are over."

"Ah—no—no! What are you saying? what am I doing here? Listen, my August! Mr. Mowbray has shown to me that you are still as a child; that is, you do depend for all on your father, and you must submit to him and obey him; and I know well that a curse rather than a blessing does fall on those who have made undutiful marriages in rebellion to their parents. I will never, never be to you the cause of such a fate."

He would have tried further persuasion, but she rose from the ground and broke from his arms. "Lebe wohl, lebe wohl," she repeated, in piteous, love-freighted tones, as she turned away.

"And you are going, actually going to—

morrow," he cried, following her; "and you will leave me in this way? What an abominable shame of my mother, and of those cowardly Mowbrays, to turn you out after this fashion! You will write to me, darling, every day, and let me see that you don't forget me?"

"Need I tell that? But I may not write, and you must not write to me; unless, indeed, God should have pity on us, and turn to me your parents' hearts."

"They will come round, dearest, never fear," said Augustus, beginning to reconcile himself to the unavoidable present, and to take refuge in the future. "We shall have you back here in no time, and they will be asking your pardon for all their rudeness."

"Mr. Mowbray says never."

"Does he? what makes him so wise, I wonder? But never mind if they don't. I shan't be a child, as you call it, all my life; in two years I shall be twenty-one, my own master lawfully, according to the law of the land, and then I'll come and claim you, Ottilia; and if my father cuts me off with a shilling, as he says he will, why then we'll live on my pay. Good-by, my precious, my angel, my own! I'll never forget you. I have your father's address in Germany, you know, and I shall turn up there some day, you see if I don't; in two years' time, if not before."

These were his last words, uttered as she sped from him between the stems of the beech trees; she turned for an instant as she heard them, while a beam from the setting sun played around her, and a fairer light than that of the sun, a smile of love, and faith, and hope, illumined for an instant her tearful face.

Two years is but a little time when our lot in life is settled, when our prospects have become facts, and we have nothing more particularly to desire or expect on this side of our life. But it is an arena all too large for the battle-ground of hope and despondency, the action of suspense and yearning on a young and sensitive heart. Ottilia's constitution was naturally fragile, and ill calculated to bear any pressure, either from within or without; and when in the second July after her parting with Augustus, she appeared at home for her midsummer holiday, her thinness, and some vague alteration in her

looks, excited her good mother's uneasiness. But towards the end of her stay her eye grew brighter, her manner livelier, and the color in her cheek alternately cheered and alarmed her mother.

The 28th drew on; it was a day which despite her resolutions to expect nothing, had been set apart in Ottilia's mind as the crisis of her fate, for on that day Augustus would be one-and-twenty. It was true that the birthday might make no real difference in his power of acting according to his wishes, but he had spoken of it so confidently that, almost unconsciously, it had been fixed by the trusting girl as the goal of her hopes.

The morning brought no letter; but with a pervading expectation of she scarce knew what, with a flushed cheek, and hot hands, she went through the little businesses of the day, looked over the household linen with her mother, made the coffee, and cut the tartines ready for her brother's return from school; took the pipe to her father in the alcove, and read to him from the *Hildesheim Zeitung* till he fell asleep. The night came, and brought no sign; but as she laid her head on the pillow, she remembered that the last thing likely was that she should hear anything on the day itself, that she ought to allow time for a letter, written upon the 28th, to reach her. That time, reckoned to its furthest margin, passed by, and so did her holiday. On leaving, she repeated so many times—"If a letter should come for me, dear mother, you will send it directly to me at Mr. Johnstone's," that her mother began to suspect some heart trouble connected with this expected letter, which caused her child's loss of bloom.

And four more years went by: making six in all since she had parted from Augustus under the beech trees. The vicissitudes of a governess's life had by this time brought her into the family of a Scotch laird who owned a fine place in Perthshire. Ottilia was now six-and-twenty; the positive beauty of her early youth had yielded to the united effects of suspense, final disappointment, and constant work; but her expressive eyes and sweet countenance still made her attractive. She was much valued by her employers; the only drawback to Mrs. Arbuthnot's perfect contentment being her delicate health and frequent cough, but this she always maintained

herself to be a chronic tendency of no serious consequence. Her manner was soft and quiet, and an even, gentle cheerfulness beamed over all she said and did, the sure token of a well-trained spirit, at peace with itself and all the world. This was its usual characteristic; but in the evening on which my tale is resumed, her demeanor was strangely altered.

"Fraulein, have you a headache?" said one of her young pupils to her in the course of the walk; and on her answering hastily in the negative, she fell back and whispered to her sister, "What can be the matter with Fraulein? she has seemed so out of spirits to-day, and has spoken quite sharply now and then; and in the drawing lesson her hand shook so when she took my pencil that she was obliged to leave off."

"Oh, she is unwell, no doubt, though she will not own it; she never does allow that she is ill. She was not well last night, for after she had dressed, she changed her mind and would not go to the drawing room. We must make mamma look to her."

On returning from the walk, Ottilia told her pupils to go in, saying that, as the air was still so pleasant, she would remain out a little while longer. As soon as she was alone, she hurried with a step that kept pace with the feverish disquiet of her mind, through the most secluded paths of the grounds, and then down the steep wooded bank of the river, till she came to the water's edge. It seemed as if she wished for the rush and whirl of the turbid stream to sympathize with her excited feelings. Poor Ottilia! she had flattered herself that her old wound was healed forever; she thought she had bid good-bye to earthly love, and its feverish pain, but a name which she had heard, and a voice which had met her ear the evening before, seemed to have undone the work of years, and to have carried her back into the midst of that region of struggle and yearning which appeared to have been left so far behind. Augustus Bryant had come a guest to the house in which she lived: as yet they had not encountered each other, but he had passed the open door of the room in which she was, and though she had been prepared, by hearing his name mentioned as one of the party just arrived for the autumn shooting, the effect upon her of this glimpse and of this voice had been overwhelming. How should she be able to meet *him*, as a stranger, and in a

room full of company, to whose bosom she had been held when last they met and parted, in the little beech clump of Woodbridge? Or should they not meet at all? Would he come and go, ignorant that one who, once at least, had been so much beloved—his own Ottilia, as he had delighted to call her—was under the same roof, breathing the same air, and treading the same floor as himself? Perhaps it would be better so; yet she felt this would leave a bitter regret, a long and deeply rankling pain. Revolving these things, she paced up and down that part of the bank which was clear from both bushes and rocks, when a cry or shout which she had heard once or twice without noticing it, made itself present to her attention. It struck her that there was something urgent in it, something different from the shout of a shepherd or keeper, and she moved along the river side in its direction. The ground became soft and spongy as she proceeded, so much so that her foot sunk to the ankle. She suddenly remembered having heard that a piece of the river bank was rendered dangerous from its boggy nature, and that a post had been set up to mark where this unsafe ground began. Looking around, she saw, lying just behind her, and partly hidden in the rushes, an old, much decayed log. With a breath of thanksgiving for her escape, she drew back, and moved by a newly awakened idea, she ran up the bank, which here receded a good deal, leaving a considerable area between itself and the stream, so as to skirt the bog, and yet keep its surface in view. As she went the cry was repeated, now close at hand; and on passing a bend of the river, she saw before her the figure of a man, from a little above the waist, rising awfully distinct against the pale yellow of the evening sky, out of the green-tufted expanse below her. She flew on through the straggling bushes, judging almost by instinct of the place where she might turn down again to the river side. The man was within a few yards of the edge of the bog, with his face turned in that direction; he had evidently observed his danger after going a little distance, and had vainly endeavored to return. Occasionally he made a forward struggling movement, when the whole face of what seemed solid sward, quivered, rose, and sank like a pond in a breeze; and the figure looked a little less high than before.

"Do not move! Oh, keep still!" cried Ottilia, as she saw this; and sinking down panting on a tongue of firm turf, from which an old willow stem leaned over the bog, she stretched her hand, as far as she could reach, towards the sinking man; he caught it in his with the gripe of utmost need. At the same moment their eyes met, and Ottilia uttered a low cry; for the face before her was that of Augustus.

For the first moment or two he only looked at her with the grave, earnest look of a man in great peril; then there came a flush over his face;—

"Ottilia!" he said, in a low, husky voice; "yes, I have deserved this, and I see now it is a judgment."

"Oh, thank God I was at hand to hear you!" she cried, disregarding all but his danger. "Now, with the help of my hand—now you can get out, can you not? Allgädiger Gott erbarme uns!" she continued, as, at the strong movement which he made towards her, he sank several inches, almost drawing her at the same time from her footing.

"It is of no use," he said; "every moment only hastens the end. Oh, what a horrible death for a man to die!"

"You are not going to die, August; I will hold you up. As long as you are still, I can keep you from sinking, and we must call for help. Is there no one near?"

"No; they are a mile off by this time; they took the other branch of the river, and, like a fool, I chose to come up here alone."

"But shout, shout! they may be returning, or some one else may be near."

He shouted; many a time did he shout; and many a time did Ottilia take up that cry, in tones made sharper and clearer by anguish. Both voices died away alike in the lonely distance; nothing was heard but the sullen mutter of the water, and the sound of the wind in the trees high above.

After awhile, even when motionless himself, the figure of Augustus no longer remained stationary; slowly, almost imperceptibly, yet always was it sinking. Ottilia's arm was strained till the tendons seemed to crack, and the cold drops stood on her face; sometimes it became numb, and a horror came upon her lest she should faint, or at least lose the power of maintaining the mu-

tual clasp of their hands. She tried to support herself by clutching with her other hand at the stem of the tree.

"Is there nothing more than this that I can do?" she said. "O August! can you think of no way?"

"There is none," he replied; "it must come. Leave go of my hand, Ottilia, and let me be put out of my misery at once."

"Oh, talk not so! Pray, pray, August, that God may save you, if he will, and if not, take you to himself—that he may take us both! And lifting up her eyes from the face of Augustus to the darkening sky above them, she wrestled aloud in prayer, less now for the earthly life of her beloved than for the pardon and acceptance of the deathless soul.

"God reward you!" he said, faintly, when she paused. "I have been a villain to you; there is many a sin that lies heavily enough upon me now, but this is the worst to think of."

"Think not of that, nor of me—think but of your Redeemer, and lay tight, tight hold of his cross!"

There was silence for many minutes. Then there came a rustling in the trees on the bank: hope sprang up in both their hearts. Alas! it was but the flap of some large bird's wing, quarrelling with its fellows for a roosting-place.

Suddenly a more rapid fall of Augustus' body almost separated their hands; one arm, his head and shoulders were now alone visible. Ottilia rose on her knees, and lifted her arm as high as her reaching posture would allow; and with every fibre of her body knit in this hand to hand struggle with the grave, she strove to hold back from it its prey, while her very soul seemed to pour itself out in successive shrieks, which made the still air shiver and ring in tortured vibrations along the rocky bank.

And hark—there is something besides their echoes: the sound of a man's halloo. Another! nearer! and now the noise of feet running on the high road above; and now the crashing of branches, and a round, glimmering light coming down the bank.

"Where are you!" cried voices.

"Here!" shouted Augustus, restored to the vigor of life and hope in an instant; "here, to the right; but be quick, or it's of no use!"

In another minute ropes are flung round him; and while one man lifted back Ottilia, speechless and passive as a baby, Augustus was drawn forth to the spot which she had just occupied.

A fervent "Thank God?" escaped his lips, as he lay back, trembling in every limb against the knees of the men. A flask of whiskey was put to his lips; he drank, and then turned hastily towards Ottilia. "She wants it more than I do," he said. "Where is she?"

"The lady, sir? I am afraid the lady is ill," said one of the men, stepping back towards her with the lantern. She was half-lying, half-sitting on the ground, and leaning on her elbow; while a handkerchief was pressed to her mouth, and in the light of the lantern they saw that this handkerchief was marked with patches deep and dark of hue.

"May Mr. Bryant come in, dear Fraulein?" said a little girl, half opening the door of a bedroom, at the window of which lay on a sofa a shadowy form, with a face of marble whiteness; "he wants to see how you are."

"Yes, he may come in," said Ottilia, in a voice which was almost a whisper; and her chest was seen for a minute to heave more quickly, and the transparent hand made some slight arrangement among the frilled draperies.

"You are better to-day, are not you?" said Augustus, coming with quiet step, and a voice of grave, tender respect, towards the invalid. "I was so glad to hear Dr. Mackay's report; he says he has great hopes now."

"Has he? hopes of what?" she said with a faint smile.

"Why, of your getting well; he says some of the worst symptoms have abated."

"You do not think I shall get well; no one can really," she answered.

"Oh! I do—I do, indeed. If I did not, I think I should lose my senses."

"Why?" she said, fixing her eyes on his face.

"Because I should feel that it was all my fault; that your life was lost for my sake."

She turned away her eyes again, and the faintest of sighs came from her lips. "We will not talk of this," she said; "I will tell you but once more what I have said already, that I have never ceased to bless God night

and day, for his special mercy in sending me to you. It is all just as I would have it."

"You are too good for this world, or any one in it, Ottilia; and I cannot look on you without shame at thinking of the past. But I am come," he continued, with some effort and agitation of manner, "to say something that I have wanted to say for some time; but when I saw you the first time you were not well enough to hear it. If you will forgive me all my—all my bad behavior, I will try to make amends for the past."

An expression, not of surprise, nor of pleasure, but of suffering, passed over her face.

"How long did you continue to love me?" she asked.

"Oh, a long time. I was miserable at first, Ottilia, and my head was full of plans, night and day, how to get at you; then, you know, my commission came, and I had to get ready, and to go to Malta; and, you know, when a fellow has a lot of things of that sort in his mind he cannot always think so much about love as he did before. But I never meant really to forsake you, Ottilia. I always meant to look you up some day or other. Then, you know, when my father died, there was such a deal of business to settle, and my mother wanted me; and somehow the time slipped by, and I thought you had probably forgotten all about me long ago. But I see now what a scoundrel I was, and how ungratefully I behaved to you, and that it is my duty to make up to you all I can; so if you will take me thus late in the day, I will try to make you happy, though I know I do not deserve you?"

Though he put it in the form of a question, he seemed to have little doubt of the answer; and after he had finished speaking, he put out his hand to take her's.

"You ask me to marry you?" she said, letting him have her hand.

"Yes, I do, Ottilia."

"August, I am dying; but if I knew I should be well to-morrow, I should say, I will never marry you."

"Why not?" he said, with some surprise; "you love me still, don't you?"

"I love you still, August; I have loved you ever since the day I told you so on the down at Woodbridge; but you do not love me, and so I could never marry you."

"Not love you!" he said, with real emotion. "Not love you, Ottilia? when you have be-

haved like an angel to me, when you have saved my life! Never shall I forget how you gripped my hand and held me up, and how you prayed for me as I did not think before any human being could pray. And now you say I do not love you!"

"You love me, dear, with such a love as is fit for a dying woman; and this is well; for if it had been another sort of love, I should soon have had to grieve you. But, August, I know more than you think. I have not lain here so long without questioning about you; and Mrs. Arbuthnot, who knows nothing concerning the past, has told me she believes you love a young lady—a good, beautiful maiden—who is coming to stay here soon."

"I have said nothing to her," he said, looking down gloomily; "I am ready to give her up for you."

"And you think I would take this?" she said, while a faint color for a moment came to her face. "Oh, August! will you never know what true love really is? But I did not mean to say this; I want to tell you how glad I am to hear of this love; how I have prayed, since I knew of it, that it may be a true, heart-whole love on your side, and on

hers a love like—like what woman's love usually is; and that you will go hand in hand through a happy, happy life on earth towards heaven! And, oh, August! if spirits are allowed to come near those they have left behind them, I will keep so near you both, I will so love you both, and watch over you and your children, and rejoice in your happiness!"

"Ottilia," said Augustus, shading his face, while something like a sob rose in his broad chest, "I have been a careless, good-for-nothing fellow; but if anything changes me, it will be that I have had to do with an angel like you."

"No," she whispered; "it will be that you were so near the valley of the shadow of death, and were not ready, and that God has brought you back to begin again."

Ottilia sleeps in a mountain kirkyard in Scotland; and the children of Augustus and his wife gather flowers, and make moss-gardens in the beech clump where their father once vowed love to her who has now, perhaps, become to them as a guardian angel.

The North American Review, April, 1863. *The National Quarterly Review*, March, 1863. —There is not much ability or interest in either of these representatives of American periodical literature. They both preserve a profound silence as to the position and prospects of the war, preferring to gratify their readers with a number of rather thin disquisitions on general subjects, most of which are devoid alike of the charm and the danger of novelty. Perhaps the most noticeable point in connection with them is that each contains a short notice of Russell's "Diary North and South," which, while taking a comparatively low view of the ability of the writer, deprecates the storm of indignation with which the work has been received in the Northern States.—*Spectator*.

LORD CLYDE.—"The Lord Lyon (the king-at-arms in Scotland) will not, as is popularly believed, grant authority to any individual to change his name; but on the narrative that he has already changed it, he will grant him arms under his new name; and in the patent, or if desired, in an extract from the record, he will certify the fact of the change. This certificate has been recognized both at the War Office and

by the Admiralty, as identifying the bearer of the new name with the bearer of the old name, which is the only object of the Queen's Letters Patent; and officers of the army and navy have been permitted to change their names on the Kists and to draw pay under their new denomination." (*Seton on Heraldry in Scotland*, p. 407.) The above statement is made on the authority of Mr. Lorimer, Professor of Public Law in the University of Edinburgh. "Letters Patent" are issued under the great seal, and are named in error for "Warrant or License under the sign-manual." The statement, however, shows that the laws of England and Scotland are alike, namely, that surnames may be assumed and will be officially recognized when adopted without a royal license. The present Lord Clyde is the lawful son of "John McLiver" and of Agnes Campbell, of Glasgow, and he is thus registered on the list of births in that city. He entered the army as "Colin Campbell," and there can be no doubt that his promotion would have been impeded if he had retained the name of "McLiver," which he abandoned for that of "Campbell." (*Seton on Heraldry*, p. 392.) If young Colin McLiver had not been able to renounce this surname without cost to himself, the country might have lost the services of one of its greatest generals.

From a Correspondent of The Spectator.

A FEW NOTES ON A RECENT VISIT TO PARIS.

May 21st, 1863.

SIR,—You ask me to give you the “impressions” of a late visit to Paris.

Owing to the peculiar circumstances of my journey, I found myself inhabiting a quarter of Paris which I had hardly ever passed through before, quite at the top of the Faubourg St. Jacques, close to the former “Boulevard Extérieur.” It is a sort of Parisian Mount Athos, or Holy Mountain; convents, male and female, on all sides; the interstices being filled up with schools and hospitals. You can scarcely go into the street without meeting priests, monks, friars, nuns, sisters, on foot or in carriages. Low-browed, coarse-looking capuchins, with their cord-girdles, seem quite at home on the pavement; girls consecrated to the Virgin (*vouées au blanc*) do their best to dirty themselves or avoid dirtying themselves in the gutters; the noise of bells and children’s hymns (sung in loud rasping tones) scarcely ceases by day, nor that of bells by night; in the still plentiful and often beautiful gardens the favorite clerical tree, the *arbre de Judée* (which Protestant England has so cruelly transmogrified into the Judas tree), is in full blossom. Indeed, notwithstanding the immediate neighborhood of a railway terminus, there is a strange semi-rural look about the quarter, and the very nightingale comes still to sing on the trees of the Boulevards: I heard him once with my own incredulous ears.

Now, although an omnibus leads straight down from this clerical stronghold through the Rue Montmartre and the busiest quarters of Paris, and up again to the Barrière Pigale on the other side of the town, this is pretty nearly a *terra incognita* to half Paris at least, as it was to me: and, indeed, so completely is it out of Paris morally, that the residents—the old folk, at least—speak still of going into Paris from thence. And as I had but little time for such journeys, it was not much that I could see with my own eyes. One or two points, however, struck me.

1st. The absolute popular indifference to all the display of surrounding Romanism. I never saw a single working man, and scarcely any one at all, notice or touch his hat to a priest, monk, or friar. So far from this, I happened one day to give a good look to a priest of rather remarkable physiognomy, and the poor man instantly touched his hat to me, as if he must know me, since I deigned to look at him. In a house with convents in front and rear, though the Friday fast appeared to be observed as a custom by the women, there was not the slightest pretence

of doing so on the part of the men at the same table.

2d. An evident, though still mild revival of political feeling, as compared with my recollections of eighteen months ago. One or two political “posters” were prominent on every wall amidst those of theatres, railways, and houses or lands to sell—M. Guérault’s “*Etudes Politiques*” (I think that is the title), and “*Un Drame Electoral*,” by M. Gagneur. When the ordinance fixing the date of the elections was in turn posted up, you could distinguish the place from a distance by the readers, working men mostly, who were sure to be about it. More marvellous still, passing through the Luxembourg one morning, I heard two working men, seated on a bench, talking politics aloud, and no spy in or out of uniform was listening to them.

This observation was abundantly confirmed to me by the few intimate friends whom I saw, but who, belonging to different professions and shades of opinion, might, within certain limits, serve as representative men in their way. Some years ago, with the exception of Paris and a few large towns, people did not dare to put forward opposition candidates. Now, I heard on all sides of solicitations addressed to men of independent opinions, who had sat in Louis Philippe’s chambers, in the republican assemblies, by their old constituents, urging them to come forward, and for the most part pledging success. M. de Persigny’s forbiddance of election committee meetings, instead of rousing indignation, was rather hailed with pleasure as a confession of weakness. Still, although the invitation to stand had been addressed to some of the men who can be least expected to swear faithfulness to the emperor, such as poor Greppo, so shamefully prosecuted without a tittle of evidence against him last year, the prevalent feeling was that the hour of the men of advanced opinions was not yet come,—that the oath imposed upon candidates as a condition precedent to their standing should exclude every man who may accept the empire as a fact, but not as a right. Hence there is a general acquiescence in the candidateship of the men of the “old parties,” of the old “left centre” especially, with Thiers at their head,—that clever, experienced, eloquent, idealess “left centre,” master of tongue-fence and parliamentary use and wont, whose utter barrenness was the real ruin of Louis Philippe, whose utter blindness and vanity were the making of Louis Napoleon. For the work of destruction of the next two or three years these men are amply sufficient; it is but fair that they should undo their own mischief. There are, indeed, two or three upright and respected men among them, such

as Dufaure, whose honesty may add weight to the adroitness of their chiefs.

I need hardly say how far more deeply than ever I was impressed with the utter *rootlessness* of the empire. In vain does Napoleon III. upset all Paris, as if he wished to leave nothing behind him but what proceeds from himself; the absolutely universal feeling is that this is simply provisional and cannot last. It is curious, indeed, how this provisional character stamps itself even on material improvements. You may see in some places quite new houses, scarcely three or four years old, pulled down for newly devised embellishments to the capital. At one entrance of the Luxembourg Gardens, near where the taking away of the pleasant old "Fontaine de Médicis" has caused, probably, more heart-burnings than any other single public work in Paris, the strange sight is seen of three different levels of street side by side,—each official and compulsory in its time,—but as ugly and inconvenient as they might be dangerous in their present juxtaposition. One might also say that an ironic fate compels this man, who pretends to have "closed the era of revolutions," to keep the material idea of *revolution* constantly before his people. Speak to a Parisian, man or woman, poor or well-to-do, of the alterations in Paris, and it is three to one that within five minutes you hear the expression, "*Tout est en révolution.*" The personal indifference towards his dynasty (let the newspapers say what they please) is complete. I passed one morning in the Tuileries whilst the prince imperial, a tutor and a lackey, were alone on the terrace by the river side. Every one must have known him, yet no one stopped for one instant to look at him; no one gave him more than a single glance; very many passed by, I believe designedly, without so much as looking up. Compare this with the way in which with us the public gaze follows any member of the royal family as soon as recognized.

Of the deepening hatred towards the present rule indeed, I saw one striking witness in men's feelings as respects the Mexican war. Not only is this universally condemned, as being alike senseless and iniquitous, but for the first time I heard Frenchmen actually wish for disaster to the French arms. The general policy of these distant wars is, indeed, disliked by all; whilst another event, quite trifling as yet in its proportions, seems to have aroused very bitter feelings,—the bringing over of a company of Arabs to do garrison duty in Paris. Although this measure had been prepared and announced long beforehand, and perhaps was taken with no specially evil intentions, it was quite singular to see what effect it had produced on men wholly unacquainted with each other, and of

very different tempers of mind. "It seems we are to be guarded by Arabs whilst our own men are sent to perish in Mexico," said one. "You see how little trust he is beginning to have in our soldiers," said another, "since he actually requires Arabs to garrison Paris."

The fact of the rapid spread of republican principles, which I had already heard asserted eighteen months ago on the best authority as to the working classes, both of the provincial towns and of Paris, was confirmed to me from a wholly different quarter, as respects the professional classes. Still, I could see that Orleanist feelings were yet very strong among the middle-aged and older men and women. The marriage of the Duke de Chartres to his cousin is especially rejoiced in by these, as preserving the purity and nationality of the Orleans blood.

On the whole, I am strongly confirmed in the conviction impressed upon me in my last visit, that the second empire is decidedly in its period of decline. It is rapidly losing its *prestige* of terror, and is felt more and more as a nuisance rather than as a bugbear.

The old Association movement, so many a time pronounced extinct *ex cathedra* by Frenchmen and foreigners, is not yet stopped. A new working tailors' association is preparing to start next winter. The working builders, who were in a bad way last year, seem to have got well afloat again. A body destined to act as a bank of association is all but constituted, and amongst other distinguished men who take an interest in it, and are likely, in some way or other, to be connected with it, I heard the name of M. Elisée Reclus, who has written many admirable articles for the *Deux Mondes*, and, indeed, I hear, lately contributed two papers on our English co-operative bodies to the *Revue Germanique*. The great drawback to the work is the want of education among the working men. The amount of absolute illiterateness in France is something still enormous, and would be shameful to the nation were it under any but a despotic rule. I had a practical instance of this in the fact that I literally, from the house I lived in, had to walk for a quarter of an hour down the Rue St. Jacques before I came to a stationer's shop, and one-half of this was devoted to umbrella-mending;—this, mind you, in a characteristically educational quarter. I do not believe there is any part of London where I should have had to go half the distance.

I have been speaking of the Parisian working men. I believe I can answer for it that, notwithstanding all the efforts made by the Second Empire to occupy them, feed them, coax them, they are just as far as ever from being favorable to it. Of course it is far

worse with the provincial ones. The 40,000 Norman cotton-weavers out of employ know well that public subscriptions for the relief of their distress have been damped as much as possible by official policy. Those of Alsace know that it is only owing to the public spirit of their masters, as well as to the more favorable economical conditions of the trade in that quarter (finer numbers spun, finer stuffs woven), that they are still at work. St. Etienne knows as well that the comparative ruin of its trade (from 15,000 to 20,000 of the best workmen are reckoned to have left the place within the last few years) is owing to the amalgamation of the coal companies, effected, it is said, only through unsparing bribery in high quarters, and the result of which has been to raise the price of coal from five to thirty francs a load as the sole means of paying dividend on a grossly exaggerated capital.

Let me conclude by an anecdote of '48, told me from personal experience by a friend of nearly thirty years' standing; one who, though an advanced Liberal in feeling, has no sympathy with the special social tendencies of that revolution. He was president of a club—as who was not in Paris in those days?—and a workman came to him: "Sir, I want to have your opinion. I have a quarrel with an old friend. He came to me some while ago: 'What good wind brings you?' said I. 'I have no work, and I have no more bread.' 'So much the better,' said I; 'I have.' So I gave him half what I had. Not long after I found myself in the same case, and I went to see him: 'What good wind brings you?' said he. 'Well,' said I, 'I have no work and no bread now.' 'All right,' said he, 'just now I have some.' And he brought out a hunch, and was about to cut it in two. 'That wont do,' said I, 'your hunch is twice as big as mine was; cut it *here*.' 'No,' said he, 'you gave me half yours, you must take half mine.' We disputed for some time, and I would not take his big half, and he would not give me less, and since then we do not speak to one another; for I say he does not practice equality, and he says I do not."

Perhaps those days of feverish social enthusiasm, when two half-starved friends could quarrel as to the practical meaning of equality in sharing one's all, are past, never to return. But the class from which such examples can proceed is, depend upon it, the very marrow of the French nation. He who imagines any permanent political future for France, in which the *ouvrier* element should not have its due place, is building in the air.

From The Spectator, 6 June.

MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.

PARIS has given the *Moniteur* its first warning; that seems, in brief, the result of the French elections. Throughout the provincial districts, wherever the electors could be influenced, or coerced, or isolated, the Administration has secured a complete and, possibly, not difficult victory. The Imperialist majority is still overwhelming, something like ten to one, and the determined effort made by the Opposition only makes their defeat more conspicuous and more galling. Even the minor cities have disappointed expectation, Bordeaux, for instance, having rejected Dufaure, whose massive oratory might have told even more heavily than Thiers's tinselly though effective displays, or Jules Simon's biting jests. She has sent a Liberal, but not the man the Administration feared. Casimir Perier, whose election seemed certain, was not returned after all, and M. de Montalembert's defeat was almost ignominious—a fact the more remarkable, because bitter Ultramontanes like Kolb-Bernard and Plichon have been restored to their seats in spite of official condemnation. Judged by the ordinary constitutional rules, the Government may fairly exult in a complete if not overwhelming triumph.

And yet France and Europe and M. de Persigny all alike believe that the empire has received a shock, and are right in so believing, for Paris has not endorsed the decision of the departments. We are not about to repeat the stale epigram that Paris is France, for, were it true, France would not to-day be at the mercy of Napoleon, or French electors doubting whether it is "safe" to vote as they will. Paris is not France, any more than the brain is the body; but then that which the brain wills to do, the body, unless paralyzed, sooner or later does, and for three hundred years Paris has always anticipated the final decision of France. It is the representative city, to which all that is most able, and ambitious, and intellectual, and noble, and vile between the Rhine and the Pyrenees gravitates as by a natural law. The Parisians do not govern the French, but they lead them, and their lead in these elections is in the direction the Government most strictly forbade. The nine divisions of Paris, separated by deep gulfs of circumstance and habit and conviction—for what is there in common but the sky and the cemeteries between St. Germain and St. Antoine?—have discovered a bond of union in resistance to the existing *régime*. Orleanist or Republican, Thiers or Picard, doubted like Havin or trusted like Favre, any candidate has been welcome, provided only he hated the creed professed by the minister of the interior. So vast is the majority against Government, that if we deduct from

the minority the officials who voted under compulsion, the old soldiers who voted because Napoleon is the heir of his uncle, the jobbers who thrive on corruption, the contractors enriched by improvements, the bribed, the cowardly, and the class which breeds in the empire as vermin in stagnant water, unanimous Paris would seem to have voted against the Imperial system. So keenly was this felt that the victors became calm from the very intensity of their sense of triumph. "I went," writes an acute observer on the spot, "through several sections at the time when the votes were being counted; there was a serenity in triumph which was quite touching. In the evening, men gave a franc for the second edition of a paper, and read aloud outside the figures of the majorities, which were really incredible in some sections; people spoke briskly, without disguise or fear. Fifteen days more, and the departments would have sent up thirty more deputies to the Opposition. Patience; he laughs well who laughs the last." That vote was the more decisive because there was no ground for local discontent. Whatever the empire may have neglected it has pampered Paris. M. Hausmann told but the truth when he talked of the gratitude which,—supposing man lived by bread alone,—Paris would owe to the emperor who found her brick, and may one day perhaps leave her marble. All that an absolute court, aided by genius like that of Visconti, and administrative ability like that of M. Hausmann, could do to beautify and enrich and amuse the beautiful city has been done, done with a heartiness, a cordial enjoyment in the doing, most unlike the grudging spirit which so often mars official beneficence. There are hundreds of tradesmen in Paris who can trace their fortunes directly to the decrees of Louis Napoleon, thousands of workmen to whom M. Hausmann's plans have brought work and wages and security. Parisians, too, love Paris as Athenians once loved Athens, and feel a just pride in every improvement which seems to justify her claim to be called the metropolis of civilization. It is from no local annoyance, therefore, no citizen soreness at neglect, no municipal spite, that Paris has returned all the men whom the emperor's servants proclaimed the enemies of his rule. Their vote is a political manifesto, signed by all the intellect of the country, a resolution carried by the representative population of France, that they are weary of a *régime* of repression, of rulers who avow their belief that the Frenchman is all stomach.

It is this which makes the elections seem so formidable to the *entourage* of the court. The Parisian vote may not be, and, we think, is not, directed against the dynasty. The

city which, like Paris, sends up at once Thiers and Jules Favre, or, like Marseilles, elects at once M. Marie and M. Berryer, is not thinking specially about dynasties. But, then, can the dynasty survive the system it has created, and the vote is most unquestionably directed against that? It is an announcement that Paris, which always wishes to-day what France will agree to to-morrow, is longing for a new system, for greater liberty to intellect, a freer play for thought, less restriction in action, a new relation between the executive and the people. It is an assurance that Paris, and, therefore, by and by, France, will not bear such circulars as M. de Persigny directed against M. Thiers, will not submit to elect mere nominees, will not give up its right, if not to dictate, then to criticise, the action of ministers of state. It is a gasp for more air, the expression of a passionate wish for that *régime* of healthy conflict which we call constitutional life. And this is what the great cities have taken means to secure.

It is not because the Opposition is twenty-eight instead of five that its vote has become of importance. Twenty-eight men cannot vote the emperor out of his throne, or refuse supplies, or punish a tyrannical minister, any more than five. It is because the twenty-eight are of the class who can make Parliamentary conflicts real, can, even when outvoted, exercise political power. No president can silence M. Thiers by interruptions on points of form. No minister with a voice can argue down M. Pelletan, or make M. Berryer's ringing sentences other than influential. No official, however triply cased in impudence and dotations, can be indifferent to the *mots* which will drop from the lips of M. Jules Simon. Even animals with six stomachs cannot drink oil of vitriol and remain alive. It does not do in France to be hopelessly outmatched in talk, yet if the Government resort to argument, there is Parliamentary life revived, and can the dynasty survive revived Parliamentary life? How is it to send expeditions to the ends of the world when its finance is proved to all men unsound, or war for ideas with M. Berryer telling the peasants that conscription eats up their sons, or send the suspect to Cayenne with M. Favre denouncing the "laws of public safety." If it be silent, and rely upon force, then all the argument will be on one side, and France is unfortunately logical, and thinks action should follow proof; if it speaks, it has entered the arena in which victory is to the wise and the eloquent, and therefore not to M. de Persigny or his. In either case, the elections have secured greater freedom and vividness to political life, and the Imperialists wisely doubt whether they

are among the plants which can survive removal into fresh air.

The effect, too, of the Parisian vote is not restricted to Paris or the Parisian members. The declaration of the capital will embolden every form of antagonism in the provinces. Had it been known only three days before the election, twenty cities would have sent up members of the Opposition. The waverers among the members themselves feel that the Liberal may soon be also the stronger side, and every member whom the Administration may irritate sees a party to which he may transfer his services with some hope of a future reward. Frenchmen always need hope as a stimulus to energy. Eloquence, too, is not wholly lost within the Chamber itself, and inside and out the new members are men who can evoke as well as lead public opinion. On all sides the apathy which was more fatal than hostility, as a mud fort is harder to pierce than a stone bastion, is visibly giving way, the Orleanists look up with new hope, and even the Republicans begin to believe that they see the handwriting on the wall. Both may be mistaken as to the realization of their ultimate ends, for they are matched against an opponent of a rare class,—a man at once subtle and audacious, a despot who can give way, and who, so his dynasty may but endure, would accept any conceivable government France might agree to impose. There is a fund of power in reserve in the emperor's mind which his antagonists have no means of measuring, but the limits of which, are the first, if not the sole, conditions of the great game. But the realization of their immediate end, a relaxation of pressure, seems to us more than probable. They may not upset the dynasty, nor will Englishmen wish they should, but they may yet be able to offer it the alternative of reigning under conditions compatible with the orderly freedom of France, and, therefore, with the peace of the world.

From The Economist, 6 June.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

THERE is some danger we think lest the importance of the incidents now occurring in France should be exaggerated. Any motion in a body presumed to be dead, affects the imagination with terror, and terror always magnifies facts. There is too, no doubt, in England, a secret ill will, not so much to the emperor as to the ministers whom he permits to misuse his name, and who are considered more repressive than the security of his throne requires, which predisposes men to exult in any blow inflicted on them. Neither fear nor exultation are favorable to re-

flection, and there is a very visible tendency to deduce a great deal more from the result of the French elections than the facts will bear out. They are sufficiently simple. By dint of immense exertions and a momentary though imperfect union, the parties opposed to the emperor have succeeded in seating twenty-eight representatives of very varied opinions, ranging from M. Berryer, Legitimist advocate, to M. Marie, member of the Provisional Government, but all more or less opposed to the Napoleonic régime. Among these representatives are all the nine whom Paris has the right to return, and the representatives of Marseilles. The Opposition, therefore, may be said to have carried the capital and the French Liverpool, and to have quintupled their strength in the agricultural districts, but they have, nevertheless, secured only one-tenth of the representation.

It is evident, therefore, that it is not the number of the new Opposition which is supposed to be formidable. Twenty-eight votes cannot interfere with official designs any more than five, or indeed rather less, for as the number increases, so does the chance of internal differences or disputes. The five supplemented one another: the twenty-eight may, and probably will, on questions like the occupation of Rome, neutralize one another's strength. The cause of alarm must, therefore be sought either in the character and power of the new members, or in the state of opinion revealed by the mode of their election. That power is considerable, and that feeling is dangerous; but in politics there are degrees, and the degree of good or mischief to be expected is we believe, exaggerated.

It is thought that the members now elected will bring to the aid of the Opposition very formidable critical power. Some of them, like M. Thiers, are familiar with practical statesmanship,—some, like M. Berryer, capable of bursts of most moving eloquence,—some, like M. Simon, full of those "sayings" which are so terribly effective in France. How, it is said, is the empire, which above all things fears scrutiny, to bear scrutiny like this? The simple reply is that it has borne it. It is not possible for men to utter more searching or eloquent criticism than Jules Favre has done, yet his speeches were published in the *Moniteur*, and still the empire stands. Indeed, on certain points the Orleanist chiefs did last year speak in Parliament, for rumor belies some of the debaters on Rome if they did not read speeches prepared by M. Thiers, M. Guizot, and M. Dufaure. There is no one of the Republican members who can say things more cutting than the Marquis St. Pierres said of the law of public safety, or who will dare to treat

foreign policy with more audacious freedom than Prince Napoleon, yet laws and policy are unreversed. M. Berryer brings a higher order of eloquence, but then his influence is poisoned at the source by his connection with an impossible party. If Sir George Bowyer could speak like Gladstone he would still never influence the English middle-class mind, because people would all the while be thinking "this man says these things because he is an Ultramontane." The objection does not indeed apply to M. Thiers, and that gentleman can strike one chord very near to the heart of France, her love of "grandeur and glory." He might, if he asked very often, like the Duke d'Aumale, "What have you done with France?" prove very formidable; but then is M. Thiers altogether an enemy of the Bonapartes? He has passed his life in exalting Napoleon the First,—why should he give up his heart to opposition to Napoleon the Third? And if he does not give up his heart, his opposition will be timid and comparatively valueless. That debate will be a little livelier, and that a little more care must be taken in selecting talking-ministers, is evident; but that seems the extent of the anticipation justified by the facts.

But Paris, we are told, has pronounced against the empire. Has it, or only against Persigny? It must not be forgotten that eight out of the nine elected belong nominally or really to the Republican party, and as the *bourgeoisie* certainly do not desire a Republic, their vote must be considered as given to men who could be relied on to oppose, and therefore ameliorate, the existing *régime*, and not to men devoted to a particular substitute. In the single exception, M. Thiers, it is admitted by all Parisians that the circulars of M. de Persigny and M. Hausmann really secured his election. The former, who seems during the past year to have lost all judgment, openly dictated to the electors, abused the old *régime* in a style which politicians usually avoid, not because they are politicians, but because they are gentlemen, and so clearly pitted the crown against Paris that the most dauntless population on earth at once took up the gauntlet. M. de Persigny could have made any one almost equally popular, and, as it was, half the constituency of the second division refused to vote at all. M. Hausmann again pathetically appealed to Paris on the ground of the improvements which the empire had carried out—an argument which always annoys the Parisians. They like the improvements, but they never can bear to be told that benefits descend on them from above, or to see that their rulers appeal to their interests and not their intelligence. The sentiment of honor, which is often the best thing left in France, revolts from a cynicism so pal-

pable. It is very doubtful whether, had the minister and the prefect left the matter alone, or bowed with profound deference to the intellect of Paris, M. Devinck would not have been returned. An election thus dictated by anger may be very dangerous to the subject of anger; but then that is M. de Persigny, not the Emperor Napoleon.

But even accepting the returns as indications of the true feeling of Paris, as springing from a desire for total change and not merely for more freedom of discussion, their effect is still somewhat exaggerated. The empire does not rest upon Paris. On the contrary, the emperor has almost avowed that he reigns by the choice of the agricultural peasants and the army, and neither of these classes have deserted him. They have returned his nominees *en masse*. It may be said, and it is probably true, that excessive official pressure was applied by the prefects, and that the peasantry of the more secluded departments were not so much invited as driven to the polls. Nevertheless the fact remains that they did not hate the empire enough to defy the official influence, a course which, as the example of Paris shows, was, if they chose, open to them to try. The reasonable conclusion is that they are either favorable or indifferent, and in either case that which exists has the advantage of its dead weight. The tree may be rotten, but it will not fall till it is either cut or pushed.

But Paris is France? There is at last the thought which is in the minds of those who believe this election so important; but we do not so read history. On the contrary, we believe Paris to have been always so far in advance of the provinces as to be almost in antagonism to them. During the Revolution Paris was constantly threatened with the vengeance of the departments, and the first time they were really represented, the Council of Five Hundred proposed to abolish the revolutionary authority and restore the Bourbons. After 1848 the provinces sent up an Assembly utterly conservative, which passed restrictive laws on the press, restrained the liberty of meeting, undid all distinctly republican acts, crushed the masses of Paris under grapeshot, and but for fear of civil war would probably have restored constitutional monarchy. Napoleon in 1852 shot down Parisians mercilessly, and was certainly five times as much hated then as he is now, yet the empire stood. He has throughout his reign watched Paris like an enemy, covered it with fortresses called barracks, laid out streets for artillery, organized an underground railway specially intended to transport troops in safety into the stronghold of the workmen's power. Paris never loved the empire, and the new manifesto adds nothing

to her strength: on the contrary, it diminishes it, for the opportunity of constitutional criticism decreases the temptation to revolutionary plots. It is in the streets, not in the tribune, that Republicans are dangerous. That the emperor has received a lesson by which he may profit is certain, as is also the fact that the election will slightly affect his external prestige; but the apprehension that it will produce immediate, or very striking, or revolutionary results, is, we conceive, to say the least, somewhat exaggerated.

From The Press, 6 June.

If we are to believe the prognostications of M. de Persigny, the result of the French elections must be considered a heavy blow to the imperial *régime*. The issue plainly put before the electors in the several arrondissements of Paris was, that if they returned the Opposition candidates they would thereby directly pronounce against the empire, and condemn by their votes the means by which the alleged prosperity of the country had been secured during the last twelve years. With one exception, the Government has been beaten by overwhelming majorities in the capital. Such is the result of the unconstitutional interference of the minister of the interior—such the significant mode in which offensive official dictation has been resented. Altogether there will be about twenty-five deputies in opposition to the Government in the new chamber, instead of five, which was the number in the old one, and among them are some of the ablest and most distinguished men in France, great writers, and what is of more importance, celebrated orators, against whom, in debate, the speaking ministers of the Government will not have the least chance of success. Nearly a fourth of the Opposition members have been returned by the electors of Paris, and many of the great towns have also declared against the Government.

These facts, which are calculated to disturb the peace of mind of the Imperial party, have taken people by surprise. It has always been said that Paris is France. Is she so still; and if this be the case, how has it happened that the elections throughout the country have terminated, with the exceptions above alluded to, in favor of the Government? We are inclined to think that the result would have been different if the elections in Paris had preceded those in the provinces, and if the people throughout the country had known how unanimous the electors of the capital are in their desire to return to the paths of Constitutional Government—to secure once more the privileges of liberty of speech and liberty

of the press, and the ministerial responsibility of the Administration. There is also another reason for the difference. In the provinces Government officials are omnipotent, and the electoral districts are so formed that towns and villages can have no direct control or superintendence over the general result. It was quite the reverse in Paris. There a constant watch was kept night and day over the ballot-boxes, and no opportunity was afforded to official myrmidons of qualifying objectionable votes. It is, however, very significant that M. de Persigny desired that the time allowed by law before the ballot-boxes can be opened should be extended for twenty-four hours.

It is hardly possible to attribute too much importance to this defeat, considering that the whole power and influence of the Government were exerted to secure a victory, and that the candidates who have been elected were declared by the minister of the interior to be the most dangerous enemies of Imperialism.

From The Saturday Review, 30 May.

PRUSSIA.

THE quarrel between the King of Prussia and his subjects is now complete, and foreigners may be very well surprised both at the history and at the termination of the struggle. If the King of Prussia and his advisers really wished to build up a new policy, to overshadow Northern Germany with a despotism after the Russian pattern, and to force all opponents into silence at the point of the sword, the design would be intelligible, but nothing could be more strange than the means taken to fulfil the end. A great scheme of ambition, and a project for a bold and defiant tyranny, would be very strangely inaugurated by the little arts to which M. Von Bismark and his colleagues have had recourse. To insist on the right of abusing everybody and misstating everything in the Lower House unchecked, to retire into a lobby during the invectives of the Opposition, on the plea that quite as much reached the ear there as was worth listening to, and to claim the proud privilege of going on declaiming after the president has put on his hat, are the petty tricks by which a very small mind tries to irritate and wound, not the signs of a statesmanship that can be bold either for good or bad. On the other hand, the deputies, although the nation is incontestably with them—although they are supported by all that is respectable and liberal in the press and in public opinion—and although they know that the rest of Germany and Europe is, for the most part, warmly on

their side, yet take these insults very patiently. They behave, indeed, exactly as they ought to do. They refuse, with great spirit, to accept the new doctrines of Parliamentary humiliation which the minister offers to teach them; they present addresses to the king, couched in firm, moderate, and bold language, and they act well together, sinking all minor differences in the generous desire to be true to their trust and to their country. But those who are full of the memories of English political history wonder why they do not do more. Our ancestors cut off a king's head for little graver faults than William of Prussia has committed, and the crown in England has been compelled, on more than one occasion, by force, or the instant threat of force, to respect the rights of the people. English critics of Prussia, therefore, are apt to ask, with a sort of puzzled wonder and contempt, why it is that Prussians take things so quietly? Nor is this without reason. After all, personal courage is the foundation of political liberty, and England is free because a certain proportion of Englishmen for a good many centuries have been without fear—not merely without the fear of death, for that is a small thing, but without fear of incurring censure and obloquy, and the opposition of the great and powerful. Unless a people will resist a despotism, there is no security for liberty. Perhaps the Prussians are rather sluggish by habit, and they may not have the energy and spirit which give political life an easy start. But they themselves say, that to suppose this a crisis for active opposition betrays a total misapprehension of the state of affairs. They have, they think, everything to lose and nothing to gain by a revolution, even if the revolution were successful. They deny that English history furnishes any true parallel to the circumstances in which they now find themselves, and they assert that the course they are taking, is the one most likely to lead to success. We can scarcely pretend to know Prussia better than the Prussians do; and it is therefore worth while to understand what they mean. They have shown great good sense, and a considerable aptitude for self-government, in their contest with the ministry. They have never given an advantage to their opponents, and never quarrelled among themselves. The probability is, that men of whom this can be said are driving towards an end which, at any rate, is not absurd or contemptible.

The Prussians do not wish to quarrel with their sovereign more than they can possibly help. They think that King William is a silly, stiff old soldier, cajoled and bullied by the people with whom he lives, but well-meaning and honest in his way. They do not

dislike him personally, and would be sorry to do him any injury. And if they put up with him tolerably well, they have the strongest admiration and affection for the house to which he belongs. Prussia was invented by the Hohenzollerns. They, and they alone, created it, amplified it, and kept it alive. Nor is it only gratitude that binds the people to the throne; or, if it is gratitude, it is of the kind that expects favors to come as well as remembers favors that are past. Prussia is a great State almost by accident, without a frontier, without coherence, without any common centre of life. The Prussians feel that Prussia might fall to pieces as easily as it was bound together, if any serious derangement occurred in the working of the machinery that keeps it in order. And it is the sovereign who is the head to which all the mixed population of Prussia has become accustomed to look up. Resistance to the king, even when he violates the Constitution, may easily lead to civil war, and civil war may shake the royal family from their seat. This is not what Prussia wants.

A Hohenzollern must, indeed, be tyrannical and odious before Prussians come to think that rather than put up with him they would do without Hohenzollerns altogether, and take the risk not only of that anarchy which attends revolution in all countries, but of that political break up which is the peculiar danger of Prussia. Nor is it merely fear that would make Prussian Constitutionalists very reluctant to quarrel with the army. They want, above all things, to avoid a collision with the army; for the army in Prussia is so national a force, and the soldiers belong so much to every class, that the ordinary Prussian would have a feeling of personal pain if he had to do anything by which the lives of the soldiers were sacrificed. It is the very complaint of the military authorities of Prussia that their men are too short a time under arms, and remain too much of civilians. And if this is so, other civilians naturally wish to avoid shooting, or being shot by, them. But above all, it must be remembered that this contest is not so much a political as a social one. The true issue is not whether the power of the crown shall be limited, but whether there shall henceforth be the strong line of demarcation which at present separates the Prussian noble from the plebeian. M. Von Bismark and his colleagues are the representatives of one of the shabbiest, meanest, most spiritless aristocracies that ever afflicted a nation. But they belong to an aristocracy which socially is very powerful, which glories in giving itself airs, which triumphs in the silliest exclusiveness, and, what is of more importance, which has now for two centuries at least been revered and

petted and magnified by the mass of Germans, although its proper eminence has been so small. The puerility of minor dandies and exquisites is exactly the quality which M. Von Bismark and his friends display and delight in displaying. General Von Roon behaved, and claimed to behave unquestioned, very much as the vulgar type of provincial magnate goes on at a county ball, where snobs of all sorts are to be astonished and put down. This does not lessen the bitterness with which the conduct of the Prussian ministers has inspired those who have suffered under it; but, as they are sensible men, they know that patience is the best weapon in such a case. They are aware that nothing brings down the affectations and insolence of a sham aristocracy so much as the quick, punctual, methodical discharge of the duties of business. If they play carefully, they are sure of the game; for no aristocracy that has not got in it qualities and a capacity of which Prussian nobles never dream can stand long against the attacks of men possessing wealth, and education, and political fame, and national esteem.

And, politically as well as socially, the Prussians think themselves sure to win. They have told the king a simple truth. They have bid him understand that, unless he sends his present advisers away, the Chamber and the sovereign must remain separated. There is no other alternative. Either the king must do without a Parliament, or he must get a set of ministers who will be decently civil to the representatives of the people. The king has replied that he prefers to do without a Parliament; and so the deputies are sent away, and the Government is to see what it can do by itself. The Prussians say that they are confident the attempt must be a failure. For some time, a Prussian king can do very well without a Parliament. The ordinary revenue of the crown does not depend on a yearly vote, and the ordinary revenue is nearly enough to go on with. The army can be recruited and kept up, and officials can get their salaries, without any public grant. It is true that the ordinary revenue would not quite suffice, and that this must lead to a deficit, while no loan could be negotiated without the sanction of Parliament. No new legislation could be made on any subject, and although the necessity for new laws is not a pressing one in Prussia, yet a sovereign who is incapable of introducing any recognized change into any great department of affairs begins after a time to feel himself in a very pitiable condition. The position of Prussia, too, in Germany, would soon alter for the worse if the king stood alone. It could make no new arrangements with regard to the Zollverein, and the commercial leadership of the Zollverein is one

of the greatest elements of Prussian ascendancy in Northern Germany. Nor could his neighbors reckon on King William being able to protect them in war or to preserve peace for them. He can scarcely go to war without the consent of his subjects, for war costs money, and the money is not to be got at easily. Of course all this calculation supposes that the courts of law would do their duty, and that, if a tax were illegal, judges would boldly pronounce that the law forbade its being levied. The Prussians feel sure of their judges. They think them an honorable, upright, fearless set of men, and several of the highest and most eminent Prussian judges are members of the Lower House and have taken a leading part in the opposition to the unconstitutional action of the ministers. Nor is it very likely that the judges would go out of their way to please the court; for judges, if warped by anything, are much more likely to be influenced by the general opinion of the society in which they live than by a vague wish to stand well with ministers; and the judges belong to that class of society which is fighting its battle against the old privileged order. It is true that if the king were resolved to set up a tyranny, he need care very little for law courts. He could treat judges as they are treated in France, and the Federal States, and Turkey. He could make martial law supersede every other. But this is exactly what those who have watched him most closely feel sure he will never do. He will shrink from that abyss which yawns at the feet of every government and dynasty that places itself in open opposition to law. He will stick by his aristocratical friends when they merely bully and hector in a legal and peaceable way, but he will not do anything that will make him feel that his position is entirely altered, and that he reigns altogether as a despot. Whether this is a true prophecy time alone can show, but it has no absurdity on the face of it which should make us refuse to listen to it.

From The Press, 6 June.

PRUSSIA has at last completely thrown off the mask. The unwise sovereign of these times, encouraged by his ministers, who are proving themselves the greatest enemies of their country, has determined to rule henceforth without a Parliament. From its very origin the constitution was a farce. By it were granted powers which it was never intended should be fairly exercised. It was apparently thought by the king that the Chamber of Deputies would entertain so deep a reverence for his "divine" office that it would never think of seriously opposing his

wishes. So long as the decrees of the Government were obediently registered by the Chamber all went on swimmingly. But a Constitutional Government is not to be carried on in such a milk-and-water fashion. If the deputies had the right of approving what was brought before them, they thought it only a necessary and natural consequence that they might also disapprove, and give free expression to their views, showing the grounds upon which they differed in opinion from the Administration. This, however, did not suit the ministers nor their kingly master. It was absurd to think, according to their view of the case, that a Budget, for example, should be modified to please the Chamber of Deputies. It is true the Constitution required that the Lower Chamber should approve of the Budget before taxes were collected under its authority—but such opposition was never apparently contemplated, and when it arose the Chamber was treated as a nullity, and the consent of the Upper House was deemed sufficient. Several other collisions occurred, and last of all took place the personal dispute regarding the privilege of the ministers to insult the Lower Chamber, and to occupy in it a position above its control. This, if anything, showed a much greater contempt for the representatives of the people than the previous difference regarding the Budget. The result is that the Chamber has been dismissed, without apparently the least intention of re-assembling it for the discharge of its duties, or of dissolving it and electing another in its stead. It is felt to be useless to try the temper of the people any longer. If a dissolution took place, the same deputies, or others pledged to support their policy, would infallibly be returned. So the king is determined to rule without a Parliament, and to enforce measures which are known to be directly against the wishes and feelings of the nation. This is a dangerous game to play. To levy taxes without authority is an assumption of power which, after their recent constitutional experience, the Prussians may think it worth their while to oppose by passive if not active resistance. A legion of German Hampdens may be forthcoming to test the prerogative of the monarch in the courts of law. But the Prussian Government has determined to go any length in support of its unwise and arbitrary proceedings. It has now gagged the press. In the name of the Constitution, which was framed to preserve and promote the liberties of the people, it has done its utmost to instal despotic

power. This is the necessary consequence of ruling without a Parliament.

During the Budget dispute the expression of opinion in the newspapers of the country was unfettered. But it is useless to silence the representatives of the people in Parliament without also silencing their supporters, who made themselves heard throughout the length and breadth of the land. Hence the decree, based on the 63d article of the Constitution, which at a stroke makes every newspaper either the slave of the ministry, or its victim. Article 63, upon which this is alleged to be founded, empowers the ministry, when the Chambers are not assembled, and under circumstances of unusual urgency, to issue decrees which shall have the force of law, provided that such are "*not in opposition to the Constitution.*" The devil can quote scripture to suit his own purposes; but not more cleverly can the King of Jesuits plead his cause from Holy Writ than the King of Prussia and his ministers when taking the Constitution for their text. Upon the authority of the article alluded to they have issued a decree which "empowers the administrative authorities to prohibit, temporarily or altogether, after two warnings, the publication of newspapers whose attitude is, on the whole, dangerous to the public welfare." The ministry is also empowered "to forbid the introduction of foreign newspapers into Prussia, on similar grounds, when thought advisable." In short, the press is at the mercy of the Government, which is determined henceforth to rule with despotic power. But what utter absurdity it is to think of ruling such an intelligent people as the Prussians upon principles which would disgrace a barbaric age. It is useless to prevent the expression of opinion. The people will in consequence give a hundred-fold worse character to the Government than any writer would ever think of attributing to it. The unwise men who are thus seeking to coerce a whole people may as well endeavor to prevent them from thinking—or to shut out the light of the sun—as attempt to suppress public opinion in so enlightened a nation. The age is too advanced for such measures. We confidently believe that the Prussians will emerge from the difficulties by which they are surrounded without giving their enemies the opportunity which they desire of overwhelming them. Passive resistance can conquer armed force. And such, we trust, will be the opinion of the friends of Constitutional Government in Prussia.

IN WAR TIME.

[Read before the Alumni of the Friends' Yearly Meeting School, at the annual meeting at Newport, R. I., 15th 6th Mo., 1863.]

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

ONCE more, dear friends, you meet beneath
A clouded sky ;
Not yet the sword has found its sheath,
And on the sweet spring airs the breath
Of war floats by.

Yet trouble springs not from the ground,
Nor pain from chance ;
Th' Eternal order circles round,
And wave and storm find mete and bound
In Providence.

Full long our feet the flowery ways
Of peace have trod,
Content with creed and garb and phrase :
A harder path in earlier days
Led up to God.

Too cheaply truths, once purchased dear,
Are made our own ;
Too long the world has smiled to hear
Our boast of full corn in the ear
By others sown.

To see us stir the martyr fires
Of long ago ;
And wrap our satisfied desires
In the singed mantles that our sires
Have dropped below.

But now the cross our worthies bore
On us is laid,
Profession's quiet sleep is o'er,
And in the scale of truth once more
Our faith is weighed.

The cry of innocent blood at last
Is calling down
An answer in the whirlwind blast,
The thunder and the shadow cast
From Heaven's dark frown.

The land is red with judgments. Who
Stands guiltless forth ?
Have we been faithful as we knew,
To God and to our brother true,
To Heaven and Earth ?

How faint through din of merchandise
And count of gain,
Has seemed to us the captives' cries !
How far away the tears and sighs
Of souls in pain !

This day the fearful reckoning comes
To each and all ;
We hear amidst our peaceful homes
The summons of the conscript drums,
The bugle's call.

Our path is plain : the war-net draws
Round us in vain,
While, faithful to the Higher Cause,
We keep our fealty to the laws
Through patient pain.

The levelled gun, the battle brand
We may not take ;
But, calmly loyal, we can stand
And suffer with our suffering land
For conscience sake.

Why ask for ease where all is pain ?
Shall we alone
Be left to add our gain to gain,
When over Armageddon's plain
The trumpet is blown ?

To suffer well is well to serve ;
Safe in our Lord
The rigid lines of law shall curve
To spare us ; from our heads shall swerve
Its smiting sword.

And light is mingled with the gloom ;
And joy with grief ;
Divinest compensations come,
Through thorns of judgment mercies bloom
In sweet relief.

Thanks for our privilege to bless
By word and deed,
The widow in her keen distress,
The childless and the fatherless,
The hearts that bleed !

For fields of duty opening wide,
Where all our powers
Are tasked the eager steps to guide
Of millions on a path untried :
THE SLAVE IS OURS.

Ours by traditions dear and old
Which make the race
Our wards to cherish and uphold,
And cast their freedom in the mold
Of Christian grace.

And we may tread the sick-bed floors
Where strong men pine,
And, down the groaning corridors,
Pour freely from our liberal stores
The oil and wine.

Who murmurs that in these dark days
His lot is cast ?
God's hand within the shadow lays
The stones whereon his gates of praise
Shall rise at last.

Turn and o'erturn, O outstretched Hand !
Nor stint, nor stay ;
The years have never dropped their sand
On mortal issue vast and grand
As ours to-day.

Already, on the sable ground
Of man's despair,
Is freedom's glorious picture found,
With all its dusky hands unbound
Upraised in prayer.

Oh, small shall seem all sacrifice
And pain and loss,
When God shall wipe the weeping eyes,
For suffering give the victor's prize,
The crown for cross.

WHEN THOU SLEEPEST.

BY CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

WHEN thou sleepest, lulled in night,
Art thou lost in vacancy?
Does no silent inward light,
Softly breaking, fall on thee?
Does no dream on quiet wing
Float a moment mid that ray,
Touch some answering mental string,
Wake a note and pass away?

When thou watchest, as the hours,
Mute and blind, are speeding on,
O'er that rayless path, where lowers
Muffled midnight, black and lone;
Comes there nothing hovering near,
Thought or half reality,
Whispering marvels in thine ear,
Every word a mystery,

Chanting low an ancient lay,
Every plaintive note a spell,
Clearing memory's clouds away,
Showing scenes thy heart loves well?
Songs forgot, in childhood sung,
Airs in youth beloved and known,
Whispered by that airy tongue,
Once again are made thine own.

Be it dream in haunted sleep,
Be it thought in vigil lone,
Drink'st thou not a rapture deep
From the feeling, 'tis thine own?
All thine own; thou need'st not tell
What bright form thy slumber blest;
All thine own; remember well
Night and shade were round thy rest.

Nothing looked upon thy bed
Save the lonely watchlight's gleam;
Not a whisper, not a tread
Scared thy spirit's glorious dream.
Sometimes, when the midnight gale,
Breathed a moan and then was still,
Seemed the spell of thought to fail,
Checked by one ecstatic thrill;

Felt as all external things,
Robed in moonlight, smote thine eye;
Then thy spirit's waiting wings
Quivered, trembled, spread to fly;
Then th' aspirer, wildly swelling,
Looked where, mid transcendency,
Star to star was mutely telling
Heaven's resolve and fate's decree.

Oh, it longed for holier fire
Than this spark in earthly shrine;
Oh, it soared, and higher, higher,
Sought to reach a home divine!
Hopeless quest! soon weak and weary
Flagged the pinion, drooped the plume,
And again in sadness dreary
Came the baffled wanderer home.

And again it turned for soothing
To th' unfinished broken dream;

While the ruffled current smoothing,
Thought rolled on her startled stream.
I have felt this cherished feeling,
Sweet and known to none but me;
Still I felt it nightly healing
Each dark day's despondency.

THE FLOWER.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! ev'n as the flowers in spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away,
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recovered greenness? It was gone
Quite underground; *as flowers depart*
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power!
Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell,
And up to heaven in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing bell.
We say amisse
This or that is;
Thy word is alle, if we could spell.

Oh, that I once past changing were,
Fast in Thy paradise, where no flower can wither!
Many a spring, I shoot up fair,
Offring at heav'n, growing and groning thither:
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-showre,
My sinnes and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line;
Still upward bent, as if heaven were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What frost to that? what pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When Thou dost turn,
And the least frown of Thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing; Oh, my onely light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom Thy tempests fell at night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of Love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide,
Which when we once can finde and prove
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their paradise by their pride.